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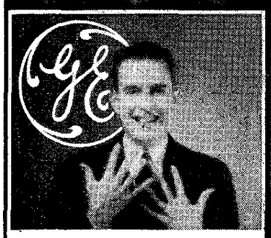

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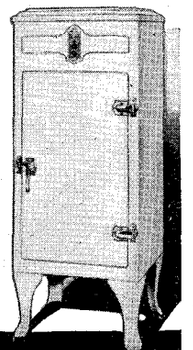

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Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

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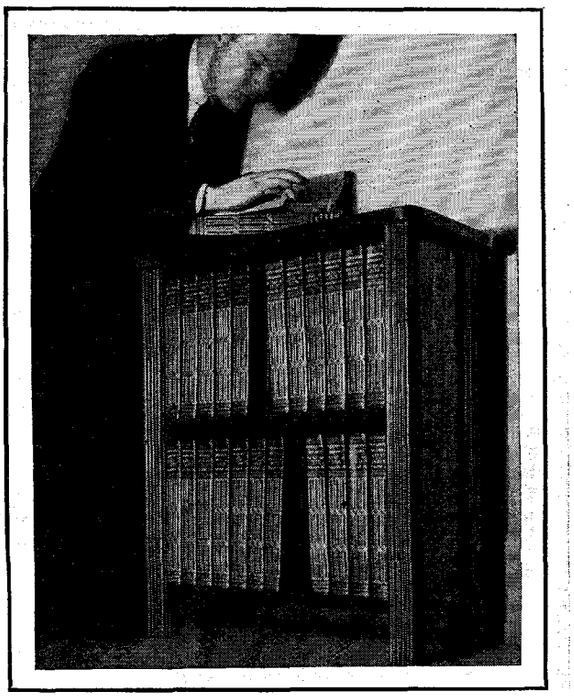

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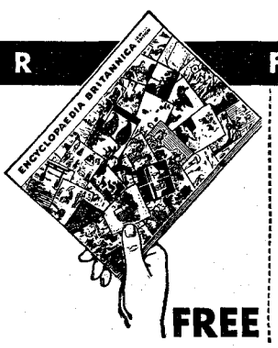

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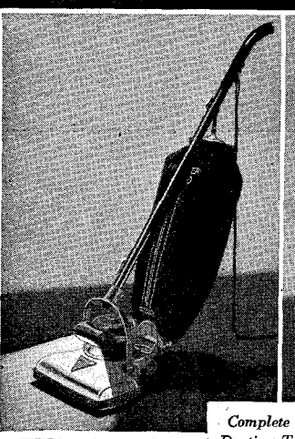

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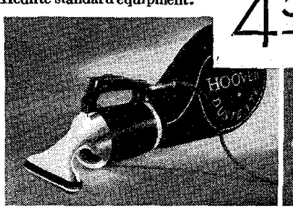

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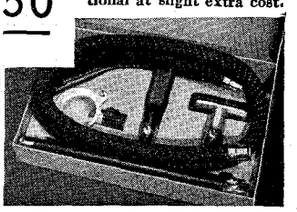

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY

The New President's Call to Battle

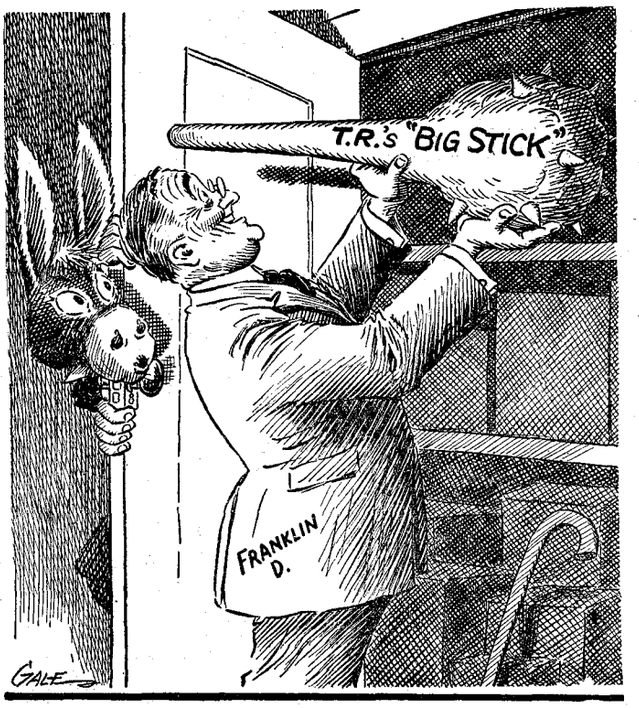
THE MOST MOMENTOUS INAUGURATION since the accession of Lincoln in 1861.

Such was Franklin Delano Roosevelt's entry into the Presidential office, with an eloquent inaugural address calling the nation to battle against the forces of depression.

The clouds over the capital, through which the sun broke before the inaugural ceremonies began, were typical of the state of the nation. Bank "holidays," the result of sudden panic of millions of bank depositors, had been declared in all but two of the forty-eight States. Hunger marchers were parading in the two greatest cities in the country as if in ghastly mockery of the great inaugural parade in Washington.

It seemed to be the moment when all the fears of the many months of the depression had come to a sudden climax.

The new President was taking office mourning the death of the most distinguished member of his Cabinet, who expired on his way to the inauguration. And only a few days before, the President-elect himself had almost miraculously, by the narrowest possible margin, escaped a rain of bullets from a would-be assassin, which had resulted in the wounding of his friend, the Mayor of Chicago.



It's Been in the Family for a Long Time!

—Gale in the Los Angeles "Times."

AND then, something like the breaking of the sun through the clouds of that raw March day, came the inaugural speech of the President. He rallied the country to war upon a depression which the nation was beginning to accept with resignation, discouragement and despair. He lasht out like an old-time Hebrew prophet against "the unscrupulous money-changers, who have desecrated "the temple of our civilization." He boldly accepted the nation's call for a leader, and declared himself willing, if necessary, to accept the dictatorial powers of a war-time President in order to win the fight against the forces of depression. He gave only a hint of his actual program, based on rigid control over banking and speculation, and an adequate and sound currency. For more details, so correspondents understood, the nation needed only to wait a few days for a call for an extra session of Congress.

Historic by reason of its importance, by reason of the dramatic circumstances surrounding it, this Roosevelt inaugural is no less historic because of its being heard by more people than ever listened to any previous inaugural. Besides the 250,000 visitors to Washington, who heard the address either from the President's lips or through amplifiers throughout the town, the speech was broadcast by radio to listeners all over the American continent, in Europe and Australia. Furthermore, by electric transcription, the address was taken down to be preserved for the benefit of all future generations.

Perhaps first of all to make up their minds about the speech—as they heard it on the spot in the nation's capital—were members of the Congress which must eventually pass upon the President's policies.

"Courage" was one word describing the speech used over and over again by political leaders of both parties.

Senator Hiram Johnson (Rep.), who supported Roosevelt, acclaimed the "real courage" in the speech, and added, "we have the new era and, if we can judge from to-day, we have the new man." "Courage," too, was the word used by Senators Dickinson (Rep. Iowa), Wagner (Dem. N. Y.), and King (Dem. Utah).

MEMBERS of the House of both parties exprest emphatic approval of the inaugural. It "suited the temper of the people," in the opinion of Congressman Jenkins (Rep. Iowa). Congressmen Black (Dem.) of New York, and Sabath (Dem. Ill.) both declared themselves in favor of giving the President broad powers to meet the emergency, if necessary.

A critical note was sounded by Representative Schafer (Rep. Wis.), who asked where Roosevelt is at—

"He cuts both ways. He wants to spend money and reduce taxes. He is for sound currency, but lots of it."

And now we turn to discover how the press of the country, from ocean to ocean, Republican as well as Democratic, passes judgment on this Roosevelt inaugural. And we find wide acknowledgment of its courage, its declaration of leadership, its willingness to accept responsibility, its note of high moral indignation. Criticism is but infrequently heard.

It "has the punch," bluntly says *The Telegram* of Portland, Maine. In Mississippi the Jackson *News* (Dem.) confessed to a thrill of delight when it saw Franklin Delano Roosevelt ascending Capitol Hill and carrying "on his sturdy shoulders the big stick made famous in Roosevelt tradition." In the capital city

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itself the Washington *Post* testifies that "the determination to act, and to act heroically, strikes the popular chord."

President Roosevelt, says the Seattle *Times*, on the Pacific coast, "made his purpose crystal clear when he compared the nation to an army marching to battle against the foreign foe." Similarly, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.), Detroit *News* (Ind.), and Houston *Chronicle* (Dem.) admire the "fighting" qualities of the speech. The listeners to the Roosevelt inaugural were above all else struck with the fearlessness it showed, so the Providence *News-Tribune* (Dem.) thinks. The address, according to the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.), "strikes the dominant note of courageous confidence."

But the big thing about the inaugural, in the opinion of many newspapers scattered throughout the country, is the "vigorous assertion of national leadership," as the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) puts it. It is one more proof, as the Nashville *Banner* (Dem.) reads our history, "that, as every great epoch has called for a great leader, so never has the nation lacked the citizen to measure to the demands." The new Executive, in the words of the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, speaks "like a true leader, who realizes the difficulties before him, and faces them unafraid."

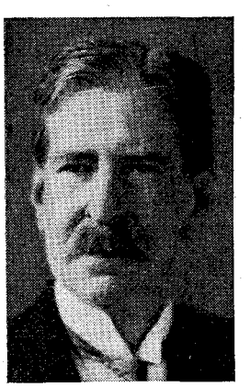
"He is a leader who means to lead," the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) is convinced. The address "was well calculated to inspire confidence," in the opinion of the Republican Los Angeles *Times*. The inaugural speech "was the bold word of leadership that the hour demanded," insists the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.); "its utterance has put new steel in the nation's spirit, and with that steel will conquer."

The President's program "demands the dictatorial authority he requests," reasons the Republican Boston *Transcript*. This is unprecedented in its implications, we are further told, but "such is the desperate temper of the people that it is welcome." With Roosevelt's purpose in this respect, similarly concludes the Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.), "he will find the country in full accord." The Macon *Telegraph* (Dem.) points out that by giving the new President the powers he desires and needs, "Congress can keep its hold on the governmental structure." But "if Congress fails it, the country will strongly back him in his demand for virtual war powers," opines the Dallas *News* (Dem.).

The people "must give President Roosevelt the support he demands," insists the Newark *News* (Ind.), "even to the point of submitting their lives and property to the discipline that may be necessary to bring us out of this dark hour." The Denver *Post* (Ind.) suggests that "giving him these dictatorial powers at the very beginning will save much time." But the Kansas City *Journal-Post* (Rep.) argues rather differently that "the fact that he has announced his readiness to make this move may relieve Mr. Roosevelt of the necessity of making it," because it will persuade Congress in advance to cooperate.

The high note of the speech, in the opinion of the Salt Lake City *Deseret News* (Rep.), is the blast against the "money-changers." "Millions of loyal Americans will thrill in response to that stirring indictment," agrees the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.). Referring to this part of the speech, the Dayton *News* (Dem.) says:

"This means the abandonment of the pivot on which American power has turned for twelve years past. Those were years of dependence upon a hierarchy of favorite interest. We gave them power; they were to return us prosperity. What we see now is



Underwood

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Secretary of the Navy.

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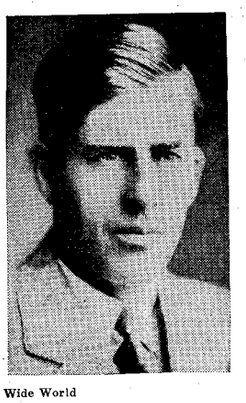
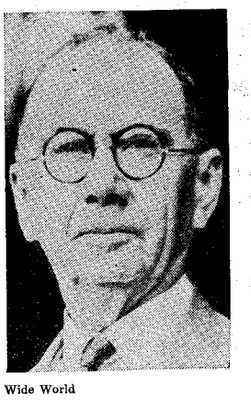
Secretary of the Interior.



Wide World

HENRY A. WALLACE
Secretary of Agriculture.



Wide World

DANIEL C. ROPER
Secretary of Commerce.

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FRANCES PERKINS
Secretary of Labor.

"I LIKED THE CUT OF THEIR JIBS"

Said Franklin D. Roosevelt, when asked why he chose the members of his Cabinet, shown above.

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the prosperity we got. Now for the laying of a broader base. Thus Roosevelt in the spirit of Lincoln calls the country to a right about face."

But this is the part of the speech that brings out the comparatively small amount of editorial criticism and disappointment. The Portland *Oregonian* (Rep.) says:

"Aside from its positive threat against organized finance, the new President's message deals in generalities. It utters a fine idealism, but indicates no certain road. By his direct assault against the established order in finance, he dashes the hopes of thousands of financial institutions already sorely prest that his address would include something reassuring to public confidence and public credit. If this is the new deal, the best one can say of it is that while it may offer betterment for the future, it offers little for the present and the emergency of the present."

THE crowded thousands who had come to Washington on March 4 were in no holiday spirit, but in thoughtful, hopeful mood, feeling that they were taking part in a solemn patriotic ceremony. They cheered as the strains of "Hail to the Chief" from the Marine band heralded the appearance of the incoming President on the stand in front of the Capitol.

Solemnly Chief Justice Hughes administered the oath of office, and just as solemnly the new President repeated the oath, using the 300-year-old Roosevelt family Bible open at the famous 13th Chapter of First Corinthians—the "charity" passage. On his way to his inauguration he had halted for worship and prayer at St. John's Episcopal Church. Seemingly in appreciation of the mood of his hearers, Mr. Roosevelt said that it seemed to him "a day of national consecration," before he went on with the prepared speech which, incidentally, had been given to the press less than an hour before.

Acme

He Can Balance

A bicycle, but how about the budget? Lewis W. Douglas of Arizona, new Director of the Budget, must lop off a billion. He saves money and keeps in trim by pedaling to his office.

At the very beginning of the speech, Mr. Roosevelt strest the need of leadership, and briefly characterized the present distresses, asserting his "firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

THEN he turned to attack what he called "the practises of the unscrupulous money-changers," who "know only the rules of a generation of self-seekers." The religious note characterizing the entire address, and in fact the entire day, was evident when the new President went on to say of this "false leadership":

"They have no vision, and when there is no vision the people perish.

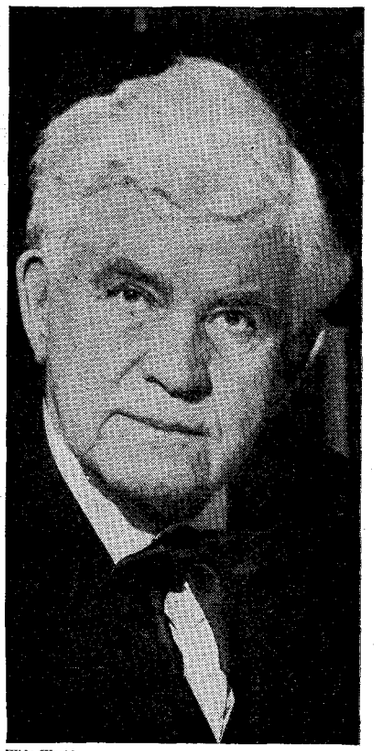
"The money-changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization."

And here came the first of several bursts of applause that interrupted the speech.

The next declaration to call forth the enthusiasm of the crowd was this appeal for higher ideals:

"These dark days will be worth all they cost us if they teach us that our true destiny is not to be ministered unto but to minister to ourselves and to our fellow men.

"Recognition of the falsity of material wealth as the standard of success goes hand in hand with the abandonment of the false belief that public office and high political position are to be valued only by the standards of pride of place and personal profit; and there must be an end to a conduct in banking and in business which too often has given to a sacred trust the likeness of callous and selfish wrong-doing."



Wide World

Will Be "Mr. Speaker"

Henry T. Rainey (Illinois), choice of the Democratic majority for Speaker of the House in the 73d Congress.

WITH a change of mood the speaker said "this nation is asking for action and action now." He renewed certain campaign recommendations, thus summarized by the United Press:

"1. Land utilization.
"2. Prevention of farm and home foreclosures.
"3. Drastic reduction of government costs, Federal, State and local.
"4. Unification of relief activities.
"5. National planning and supervision of all transportation, communications and other utilities."

Then the new President called for these safeguards against a return of the evils of the old order: there must be a strict supervision of all bankings and credits; there must be an end to speculation with other people's money, and there must be provision for an "adequate but sound currency." President Roosevelt will "spare no effort to restore world trade by international economic readjustment," but he realizes that the emergency at home must have attention first of all."

The assertion of leadership brought out the loudest applause of the day. Mr. Roosevelt hopes that the normal Constitutional balance of executive and legislative authority may be adequate. He is prepared to recommend necessary emergency measures to Congress, and to hasten the adoption of measures devised by Congress. But, he declared,

"In the event that the Congress shall fail to take one of these two courses, and in the event that the national emergency is still critical, I shall not evade the clear course of duty that will then confront me. I shall ask the Congress for the one remaining instrument to meet the crisis—broad executive power to wage a war against the emergency, as great as the power that would be given to me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe."

This notable address closed on the pervading religious note:

"The people of the United States have asked for discipline and direction under leadership. They have made me the present instrument of their wishes. In the spirit of the gift I take it.

"In this dedication of a nation we humbly ask the blessing of God. May He protect each and every one of us. May He guide me in the days to come."

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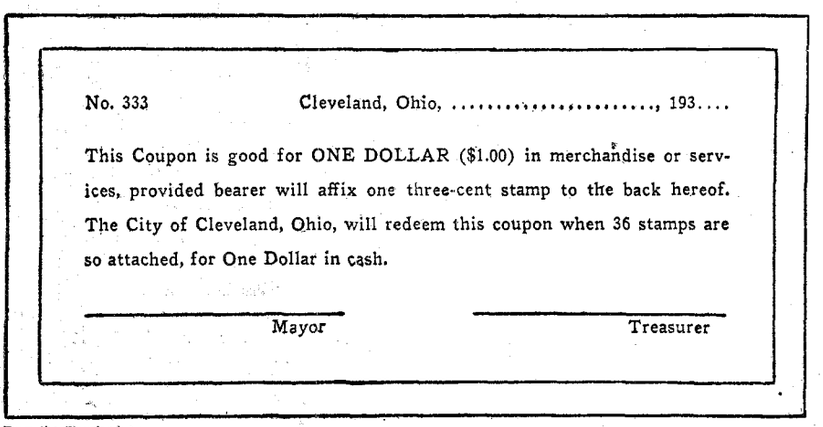
"Stamp Scrip" as a Slump Cure

"THIS STAMP SCRIP WOULD BREAK the back of the depression." Thus affirms Irving Fisher, professor of economics at Yale, urging the nation to adopt a device that has already been tried with apparent success in a number of American communities, and also, on a limited scale, in Germany and Austria.

In many parts of the country, as has been recorded in these pages, the moneyless unemployed are turning to the primitive method of barter, the direct exchange of goods or services. Where the transactions become extensive or complicated, scrip is issued to perform, within limits, the functions of money. And in several communities a special form of scrip, called "stamp scrip," has been developed. While this stamp-scrip plan differs in minor details in different communities, the principle is everywhere the same.


No. 333 Cleveland, Ohio, ..., 193....
This Coupon is good for ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) in merchandise or services, provided bearer will affix one three-cent stamp to the back hereof. The City of Cleveland, Ohio, will redeem this coupon when 36 stamps are so attached, for One Dollar in cash.
Mayor
Treasurer

From the Cleveland *News*

Stamp Scrip Used in Cleveland

Face of the scrip, which is actually about the size of a dollar bill. On the reverse are thirty-six numbered spaces where the stamps must be affixt and canceled.

As put into effect in Hawarden, Iowa, and in several other small towns in Iowa and Nebraska, it is described by Robert Talley in the New York *World-Telegram*. Mr. Talley also tells how it is done in Evanston, Illinois:

"In Hawarden needy men are put to work on public improvements, and paid with scrip money. To spend a scrip dollar the holder must first attach thereto a special three-cent stamp, purchased from the city. Thus, by the time a scrip dollar has changed hands thirty-six times the city has received $1.08 for the stamps on its back, and can redeem it with a real American dollar (the extra eight cents covering the expense of printing and handling).

"In effect, this is a 3 per cent. sales tax on the consumer."

As advocated for national adoption, a Chicago dispatch to the New York *Times* tells us, the plan would work as follows:

"The Federal Treasury would issue 'prosperity certificates' of credit in denominations of one dollar, to be distributed in allotments of about $150 each to every person unemployed or in need.

"Distribution would be made through the Post-office Department, thereby reaching every part of the United States. It is provided that the 'prosperity certificates' are to be made legal tender, except for obligations due Federal, State, and local governments.

"Sponsors of the plan assert that it would create a new source of revenue for the Post-office Department, raise wages, and increase the standard of living, save 80 per cent. of businesses now insolvent, restore solvency to local, county, and State governments, help the farmer, and put 'money' in the hands of the public without interfering with the monetary value of United States currency or destroying the gold standard."

But the bankers "are said to be generally opposed to the notion," we read in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

The Arms Embargo—A Gesture?

FEARFULLY, THE WORLD WATCHES Japan push the Chinese back in winter-scourged Jehol.

And Japan, persisting in her purpose despite the condemnation of the League of Nations, is keeping an anxious eye upon the world in fear of economic reprisals.

An international argument breaks out as a side issue as Great Britain declares an embargo on new shipments of arms to Japan and China.

It makes both Asiatic countries angry. In the United States it is received by some with high praise as pointing the way for concerted world action, by others with bitter cynicism as a dishonest gesture.

Altho the order applies to both China and Japan, the move is "foolish and dangerous," declares a Japanese high Army official at Tokyo.

The action will "seriously handicap China and have virtually no effect upon Japan," in Tokyo's opinion, as Japan can manufacture its own munitions, says the Associated Press. Nevertheless, Japan bitterly resents the embargo, and Britain "momentarily replaces the United States in the villain's rôle of the international drama as seen through Japanese eyes." The correspondent adds:

"As long as the embargo is impartial and confined to finished munitions, there is little likelihood of trouble over it, said a Japanese Government spokesman to-day. But if an embargo is applied to Japan alone, the Government will have to consider seizure of arms shipments to China.

"There was evident uneasiness in both official and business quarters, lest the embargo turn out to be merely the first of a series of actions bringing pressure against Japan, increasing in severity until they eventually culminate in full economic sanctions."

JAPAN was surprized, we read, that the United States did not follow Britain's action. But reports from Washington say that no such move is contemplated.

It was a surprize to the House of Commons and to the world, when Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary, announced the embargo on new arms shipments, since this action was a reversal of the policy enunciated but a few days before.

Making it clear that Britain is determined to remain aloof in the Far Eastern situation, Sir John said: "However we handle this matter, I do not intend my country to get into trouble about it." He admitted that "the decision will not in itself prevent the supply of arms to the Far East."

A London dispatch to the New York *Times* tells us that the British Government "is distinctly pleased with itself"—

"Part of this satisfaction is the feeling that the problem now is squarely up to the United States and off Britain's shoulders for the time being. Part of it is pleasure at Foreign Secretary Simon's adroitness in having taken some kind of moral stand without risking a single British life or jeopardizing a single munitions worker's job.

"There are so many loopholes in this embargo that, until it has become international, the British munitions plants expect to carry on as usual."

In Washington, says Constantine Brown of *The Evening Star*, the decision of the British Government "is interpreted as a great victory for the pro-Japanese elements in Great Britain."

But many American editors see a good move in Britain's action. Here we have the idea of "peace by embargo," remarks the New York *Herald Tribune*, and the New York *Evening Post* believes that it brings the whole question of international action "into the realm of practical politics."

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The Bank-Holiday Fever

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY people have been waking up in the morning to find that all the available money they had was merely the change that happened to be in their pockets.

Well, remarks the Detroit *News*, where the fashion really started on a large scale, "it is an experience we shall have to look back upon, and no doubt to grin over." We shall live through this period of closed banks, continues *The News*, and "most of us will survive even the depression."

Similarly philosophical is the Baltimore *Sun* in the State where Governor Ritchie found himself compelled to follow Governor Comstock's example, and declare a moratorium for a few days. Certainly, it is a nuisance, says *The Sun*, but people find out sooner or later that the situation is after all endurable, and even becomes exciting. For even during the bank holiday business goes on about as usual—

"On such occasions, people usually find it possible to work out a way of doing things. The grocer and the coal man will be on the job. The milk man will make as much noise in the morning as usual, and the children will find the school lunch-counter on the job. Life, in short, still will be as filled with pleasant and unpleasant things as it was before. And it will have the additional advantage that everybody will have something exciting to talk about."

THE important thing seems to be the way in which the moratorium or holiday takes the place of the old-fashioned bank run, and the way in which the lawmakers of the States and of the nation are proceeding to enact safety-valve measures sanctioning "restricted withdrawals."

Nevada has had a partial bank holiday ever since November first. And such holidays have occurred in other States during the present depression. But the big rush came after the announcement of the Michigan banking moratorium. Banks in important cities in Ohio, Indiana, Arkansas, and other States made plans to limit withdrawals. Governor Ritchie of Maryland found himself forced to follow the example of Governor Comstock of Michigan. By the first of the month banking holidays of one kind or another had been declared or made possible in twenty-three States, either by legislative action or by executive decree. The laws differ in detail, but the common purpose is to give State authorities power to limit withdrawals by depositors, with the idea of substituting such legal partial closings for bank runs and bankruptcies.

Meanwhile Congress, acting with extraordinary promptitude, passed the Couzens bill giving the Controller of the Currency, who has charge of national banks, power, at his discretion, to put into effect, with respect to national banks in any State, the same laws or regulations that the State has for State banks. As Mark Sullivan says in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

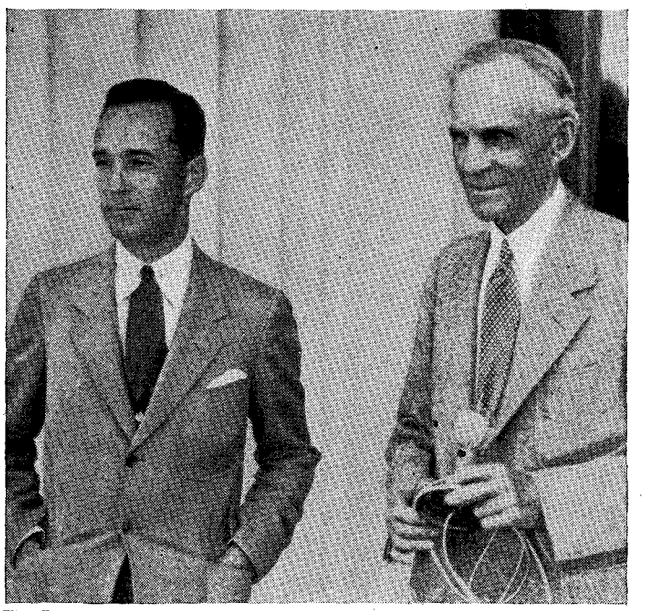
"With this law passed by Congress, and with the laws passed by States, so soon as all the forty-eight have done it, the banks of the country become, of course, completely safeguarded against closing, or failing in any way. This was the laudable objective of the bank-holiday movement. The Governors and State Legislatures had a manner of wiping their brows over a good job well done."

But while the device is fine for the banks, "it is decidedly not good for business," continues Mr. Sullivan:

"While the State rules and laws differ, and while the mass of banks will continue to hold themselves in readiness to pay depositors in full, unless forbidden by State law, it may be assumed, for the purpose of a clarifying example, that a bank limits the amount a depositor can withdraw to 30 per cent. That leaves 70 per cent. of that bank's deposits in a condition which can be described as withdrawn from circulation. Withholding from circulation 70 per cent. of a bank's deposits necessarily would not cause great inconvenience immediately, but would become serious in a few weeks' time, unless the effect is arrested, which, of course, it will be.

"The total business of the country is done with approximately $6,000,000,000 of currency and nearly $20,000,000,000 of active bank deposits. To withhold from circulation 70 per cent. of the $20,000,000,000, or $14,000,000,000, would become, in time, an extremely serious matter.

"The result, in a few weeks of the bank holiday, unless averted, would be to reduce volume of business done in the country to less than half the present level. Of course, that will not be allowed to happen."



Wide World

Planning Financial "Service Stations" for Industry

Edsel and Henry Ford. As they contemplate going into the banking business, the latter says the new banks "will have time for the little fellow and the money to start him in business with."

The momentum toward putting up barriers against the withdrawal of bank deposits has grown as necessity has compelled it, writes Charles F. Speare in a New York dispatch to the Washington *Evening Star:*

"During the past two years the drain on deposits of interior banks has compelled the liquidation of a large percentage of their quick assets. Consequently, many institutions have reached the position of the Detroit group, or one in which they could not sufficiently realize on their remaining assets to meet the demands of depositors. The new banking method, which has been borrowed from some of the European countries, is one of 'freezing' the existing deposits during an indeterminate period, while assets that are not now marketable may become more readily salable and the proceeds of them be applied to the liquidation of outstanding obligations."

MUCH of this legislation is based on the so-called Michigan plan, the essential element of which is, according to Jay G. Hayden of the Detroit *News*, "that it would permit banks, which now have a percentage of frozen assets, to defer payment of a like portion of their deposits, but with the understanding that all earnings of the bank would go to the depositors' fund until all deposits were paid in full."

This rapid spreading of bank moratoria seems "bad business" to the Boston *Post*, because "it leads to hasty, unwise letting down of the bars, and is an inducement to bankers to accept an easy way out of difficulties."

"Unless such wanton use of moratoria is ended and bankers

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are made to accept their proper responsibility, the American banking system is headed for ruin," flatly declares Ralph West Robey, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*. Before the Michigan blow-up, we are reminded, hundreds of banks in the Middle West were operating on a restricted withdrawal basis. In some cases this was by agreement of depositors, in some cases local officials declared a banking holiday, and in still other cases "banks themselves simply got together and decided that they would restrict withdrawals." And so "town after town, bank after bank, are taking matters in their own hands and adopting a limited-deposit-withdrawal basis."

In fact, Mr. Robey thinks we have almost come to the point where "we have ceased to have bank failures and instead have merely bank moratoria." The most serious objection charged against them by this writer is that they do no good and are simply "a means for borrowing time at the expense of depositors." Bank failures, we are told, can be brought to an end "only by an overhauling of the banking structure through a reorganization of weak and insolvent institutions and a consolidation between weak and strong organizations."

Very well, remarks the Boston *News Bureau* in reply to such strictures, "it is easy enough to be somewhat critical" of these restrictive measures as an artificial infringement on individual liberty. And yet, it asks, "is there not a greater good than this fleeting impairment?" Whatever the limitation may be in each individual case, there is, we are told, "the common purpose of putting a temporary and partial bar against a spasm of hysteria until a cooling-off process has had time to operate."

Of course, adds this paper, "it is a defensive undertaking—not merely of the banks' resources against the onset of too many depositors in one attack, but of those same depositors' interests as against their own unwarranted or unduly roused fears."

In Michigan, the Detroit banking situation seemed to be clearing up when Henry Ford made his dramatic entrance into the arena and offered to start two new banks under his own control to take the place of the two institutions most deeply involved. But certain financial details delayed these arrangements, and Senator Couzens rushed from Washington to consult with the Detroit bankers and with Henry and Edsel Ford, and to make new suggestions of his own. While the bank holiday prevented any runs on the Detroit banks, an eventual settlement with or without the help of Mr. Ford was being confidently predicted.

The Ford offer gave the automobile manufacturer a chance to make public some of his rather original ideas on banking, which were promptly challenged in the financial pages of the press, altho his willingness to help was generally applauded. Mr. Ford's main idea, apparently, is to make a distinction between funds entrusted to a bank for safekeeping and deposits intended to be used for the bank's lending operations. The New York *Journal of Commerce* finds the Ford ideas quite impractical, and some writers wonder whether his new interest portends the development of a revolutionary kind of banking system.

In Detroit they do not seem to be worrying about that end of it. If Mr. Ford should take over one or more banks, remarks *The Free Press*, "he has secured a fine business; his acquisition will be good for the town, and depositors can look forward to the future with confidence."

Incidentally, *The Free Press*, admitting that the mortgages in the Detroit banks are slow assets and responsible for the banks' lack of liquidity, wants to tell the world that, "there is another side to the picture":

"Outside actual cash, these mortgages are, in the long run, the surest, most dependable assets any banking institution can possess. They do not represent large loans on industrial properties or speculative enterprise. They are chiefly security for small loans made on homes. To-day these home mortgages unquestionably are better than any other collateral except government bonds. If they are slow, they are safe."

Help for the Nation's Debtors

A SURGE OF CONFIDENCE sweeps the country as the La Guardia-McKeown bankruptcy and debt-revision bill clears the last legislative hurdle.

Here is help for wavering railroads and for millions of debtors, particularly farmers, faced with the loss of their possessions.

So important does the business world consider this measure that immediately after it passed the House, 207 to 26, the New York Stock Exchange registered a spurt.

"In effect, it is an amendment to the Federal bankruptcy laws," says the Washington correspondent of the United Press, explaining how it will operate to relieve economic distress—

"It contains a specific provision to lift the load of the debt-burdened farmers, who in many States have resorted to force in order to save their homes from foreclosure.

"Under the new bill the individual faced with the loss of his possessions by the pressure of individual creditors may apply to the courts for permission to make a composition with his creditors. Any plan favored by more than half his creditors would be subject to court approval.

"The farmer is also entitled to avail himself of this privilege but he may elect, if he wishes, to apply to a county commissioner, chosen by fifteen farmers of the county, for approval of the readjustment of his debt burden.

"While affecting the individual less directly, the provision for reorganization of the railroads is regarded by its sponsors as equally if not more important to the country's general equilibrium. Under it 5 per cent. of the creditors of a road or the road itself may apply for a reorganization in court. Before doing so, however, it would be necessary to obtain the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission."

The bill, which had the approval of both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt, was hurried through in the last days of the short session after Representative La Guardia warned that "several" railroads were on the verge of receivership.

Explaining the wide scope of the measure, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* tells us that—

"The vast financial structure involved includes railway properties valued at about $26,000,000,000, mortgaged farm properties recently estimated by the Department of Agriculture to be worth about $8,500,000,000, and unestimated billions representing mortgages and other obligations of individuals other than farmers."

"Boiled down to its simplest terms," says the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, the amendment provides a means for debtors "to reach an accommodation with creditors without going through costly bankruptcy or receivership proceedings."

What impresses the New York *Times* is the "great importance" of the railroad provision. It says:

"The difficulties confronting the carriers are well known. Their revenues have been drastically reduced, and in some cases, as the National Transportation Committee noted recently, financial reorganization has become imperative.

"But from this solution of their difficulties the roads have been blocked by the fact that, as the Interstate Commerce Commission pointed out, our present bankruptcy laws give 'a minority, no matter how small,' an opportunity 'to make trouble without regard to the interests of the property as a whole.'"

But now, with the new amendment, says *The Times*, "this Gordian knot will be cut."

The machinery involved in the program for the relief of the farmer "sounds rather formidable," says the New York *Herald Tribune*, but then—

"Its purpose is, of course, to obviate for the farmer the necessity of retaining and paying a lawyer, and to discriminate in this respect between his plight and that of the ordinary debtor.

"The latter is left subject to the usual fees that appertain to suits in bankruptcy. But if this is a defect, at least it is preferable to some sweeping provision which would impose a general moratorium on farm indebtedness, or subject it to a horizontal cut."

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Big Bankers' Gambling Mania

THE BIGGEST BANKERS may make mistakes when a nation-wide mania for stock speculation sweeps the most conservative financiers off their feet. Such errors are freely admitted by the bankers testifying at Washington.

But apologies, even resignations, do not satisfy listening editors. The Milwaukee *Journal* calls the testimony of the bankers "a sickening story of exploitation." It seems to Heywood Broun that "the only thing that some of our great financial institutions overlooked during years of boom was the installation of a roulette-wheel for the convenience of depositors."

Keystone

"We Are Human"

C. E. Mitchell's explanation of past errors, made before his resignation as head of National City

Of course "you can't blame people for becoming nervous," as the New York *Daily News* puts it, when the front pages are filled with such disclosures. Coming at the same time with the banking crisis in Michigan and elsewhere, it has led to questioning in Wall Street whether it was wise to unsettle national public confidence at this time, when banking troubles in some centers are serious enough without aggravation. As a Consolidated Press writer reports, responsible financial leaders agree that financial wrongdoers should be punished, but they feel that the investigation and the punishment should be staged at a more propitious time.

AND yet there is a very general feeling that these developments are paving the way for better and safer banking, and in particular they are helping to insure the passage of the Glass bill and other legislation intended to prevent abuses in the banking field.

Following the final testimony on the Insull case with Owen D. Young's admission that he sanctioned a two-million-dollar loan from the General Electric Company to Insull, and of similar doubtful loans testified to by General Dawes, the Committee investigating the stock market turned to the scrutiny of past activities of the National City Bank of New York, for many years the largest bank in the world and at present outranked only by the Chase National of New York. First Ferd nand Pecora, counsel to the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, called Chairman Charles E. Mitchell to the stand. As the New York *Herald Tribune* puts in compact form the most important testimony given by this witness:

"He testified that an issue of $50,000,000 in new stock of the National City Bank in 1927 went far toward making up the bank's losses in Cuban sugar loans. He was president of the bank at the time, and his income, exclusive of ordinary salary, for executive services to the bank and its securities affiliate aggregated $3,471,732 for 1927, 1928, and 1929, he said.

"He testified that in 1929 he sold 18,000 shares of National City Bank stock to a relative in order to establish a loss of $2,700,000 and, consequently, paid no tax on his income for that year. Later, he said, he bought back the stock from his relative at the price he had received for it.

"Mr. Mitchell and Gordon S. Rentschler, president of the bank, shared the witness stand the next day, and the former testified that directors of the National City Bank had lent bank funds aggregating $2,400,000 to officers of the bank to protect their stock holdings in the market crash of 1929, such loans to officers being made without interest and, in most cases, without security.

"Mr. Rentschler said that not more than 5 per cent. of these loans had been repaid, and in December, 1930, they were written off the books of the bank or transferred to the National City Company. It 'might well be,' Mr. Rentschler said, 'that at the time that the bank was making loans on such easy terms to its officers it was selling out other borrowers who had obtained their loans on collateral.'

"Mr. Pecora also elicited from Mr. Rentschler that lesser employees of the National City Bank had subscribed for 60,000 shares of the institution's stock in December, 1929, at $200 and $220 a share, for which the present price is under $40. These employees, the lawyer learned, were still paying instalments on their stock at the prices of December, 1929, and could relieve themselves of the obligation only by leaving the service of the bank.

"After Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Rentschler had testified before the committee, the Department of Justice directed that an investigation be started of the income-tax returns made by Mr. Mitchell and into the affairs of the National City Bank and other institutions which have been subjected to Senate scrutiny."

Wide World

He Won't Like This

James Perkins, new head of the National City Bank, doesn't enjoy seeing his face in print

DURING the discussion Senator Couzens one day told Mr. Mitchell that he considered him "a better salesman than a financier," and the next day, on the floor of the Senate, Burton K. Wheeler of Montana declared that in his opinion the best way to restore confidence in our banks "is to take these crooked presidents out of the banks and treat them the same as they treated Al Capone when Capone avoided payment of his tax."

When President Hugh B. Baker of the National City Company (the National City's securities affiliate) took the stand, Mr. Pecora tried to force an admission that the bank had taken a "short" market position on its own stock. Other testimony concerned the affiliate's deals in the bank's stock and in stock-market operations in Anaconda Copper. Mr. Baker and other witnesses were brought to the stand to explain the underwriting of $90,000,000 worth of Peruvian bonds and their distribution to investors throughout the country, in spite of the fact that the bank's own experts had given unfavorable reports on Peruvian credit. National City officials would admit no more than that their company made an honest mistake.

After this the Senate agreed to extend the inquiry through the life of the next regular session of Congress, but not before Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Baker had resigned their posts, and Mr. James H. Perkins, president of the affiliated City Bank Farmers Trust Company, had been chosen by the directors as the new head of the National City Bank. Incidentally, the choice of Mr. Perkins reassures many editors who were gravely alarmed at the Mitchell

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Look Who's Here!

—Bishop in the St. Louis "Star and Times."

disclosures, and who are inclined to agree with New York State Banking Superintendent Broderick that Mr. Perkins is "a solid, conservative, capable banker."

Mr. Mitchell's exit is generally approved by the papers of his own city. Perhaps the most tender verdict is that of *The Herald Tribune*, which suggests that such errors of judgment as Mr. Mitchell recently revealed, "are undoubtedly the defects of his qualities." And it remarks, that "the salesman's point of view, while undoubtedly one of the dynamic forces of our day, can not, experience shows, universally apply." The New York *Journal of Commerce* puts it this way:

"Mr. Mitchell stood for three things especially which the events of the past three years have proved to be developments of doubtful wisdom in our financial structure—the entry of commercial banks on an aggressive scale into the security business, the intensification of 'department-store banking,' and the domination of the policies of leading financial institutions by a single senior executive."

Such performances as Mr. Mitchell's in accepting "large bonuses, in evading his taxes, in making preferential loans to friends, and permitting stock of his bank to be sold short, do more to injure banking than many, many failures," flatly declares the Utica *Press*. In the opinion of the Troy *Record*, Mr. Mitchell's "revelation of moral obtuseness was so frank and far-reaching that his presence in the bank is almost a fatal liability." And this New York State paper adds:

"If he operated within the law, he should be compelled to quit all banking connections, and the laws should be changed; if he broke the law, he should be put behind bars as an example to the occasional corrupt-minded individual who might follow in his train."

Across the continent the Sacramento *Bee* speaks of Mr. Mitchell's "management profits" as actually representing his "part in the looting of the investors who put their faith in the 'sound' and 'conservative' financial advice furnished to them by the National City Company."

The Senate, in the opinion of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "is fully justified in digging for the truth," and Mr. Mitchell's fate is of little significance "in comparison with the importance of getting at the bottom of conditions which must be defined before they can be corrected." This investigation may have the same eventual good effect on banking that the Hughes investigation of 1905-06 had on the life-insurance business, the New York *Daily News* thinks.

One certain result is that the Glass banking-reform bill will soon be made a law, says Mark Sullivan of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and his words are echoed by scores of newspapers which welcome the prospect. As Charles F. Speare explains in a New York dispatch of the Consolidated Press:

"The Glass bill requires banks to divorce their security affiliates, and gives them five years to do it. As a result of the recent disclosures, banks may be ordered immediately to cut their security-selling organizations adrift. Anyway, the movement to separate banking from security selling will be hastened. Some of the banks saw the handwriting on the wall more than a year ago and voluntarily divorced their security affiliates or wound up their affairs. Several of the larger banks, however, are still in the security business in a big way."

Some bankers still defend the "affiliate" idea, and it must be decided whether the present system can be purified or should be eliminated altogether. As Mr. Speare points out:

"One great evil of mixing banking with the merchandising of securities is that the bank soon finds itself deeply interested in dozens of different industries, and gives more time to them than to the building up of a safe and sane banking policy. Men heading many of the larger banks were frequently selected for their salesmanship rather than for their knowledge of the old-fashioned methods of banking."

But the question arises, who will undertake to raise the vast sums involved in modern financing if the bank security affiliate is driven out of business? Before 1910, notes Mr. Speare, "a $10,000,000 bond issue was a sizable piece of financing; in more recent years, when public offerings of securities of $100,000,000 were not rare, a $10,000,000 bond issue is considered small."

But irrespective of the precise legislation which may be enacted, it seems to the Chicago *Daily News* that the testimony recently spread over the pages of the newspapers "reveals the need of a legal straight-jacket for bank executives whose sense of banking propriety is dulled by the easy money of the boom decade." And this is the way the New York *World-Telegram* sums it all up: "Banking in America henceforward must be banking, and not affiliated with stock promotion."

No Wonder the Country Went Haywire

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE common touch seems to be for a cup of coffee.—*Chicago Times.*

THE last syllable of Manchukuo is pronounced "go." And the rest of it is already gone.—*Atlantic City Press.*

EAT carrots for beauty is the latest medical advice. Certainly, just look at goats.—*Portland Oregonian.*

MORE self-starters and not so many cranks might help this wheezing old world along its way.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WE seem to have even more great thinkers than we had before the depression, but the difficulty is to find two of them who agree on anything.—*San Diego Union.*

OVERPRODUCTION, they say, has plunged agriculture into the fix it's in. That is, if there were not so many good farmers there would not be so many poor farmers.—*Arizona Producer.*

PITY the poor Chinese today, and pity the poor Japanese taxpayer for generations to come.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

IT'S easy enough to tell a real sheep from a stock-market lamb. The sheep still has its fleece.—*Dunbar's Weekly* (*Phœnix*).

SING SING industries made $250,000 profit last year, but their overhead didn't include tribute to crooks.—*Hagerstown Herald.*

THE Mayo people say the same germ causes sneezing and sleeping-sickness. He must interfere with himself a lot.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

No casualties have been reported thus far in the "Buy American" campaign, tho the other day a New York society leader spoke so long and so earnestly in indorsing the movement that she almost missed the boat for Bermuda.—*Detroit News.*

A REPUBLIC is a land in which everybody knows what to do and nobody has authority to do it.—*Cedar Falls* (*Iowa*) *Record.*

IT is painful to think of the wonderful things our Uncle Sam could have done for us all with the money he spent for war.—*Weston* (*Ore.*) *Leader.*

A FINANCIAL expert says that "no business can be helped by inflation." The automobile-tire business couldn't get along without it.—*Southern Lumberman.*

WHAT this country wants in the way of a double standard is a 50-cent dollar to pay debts with, and a 100-cent dollar to buy groceries with.—*Sandersville* (*Ga.*) *Progress.*

THE Technocrats also ought to call attention to the fact that the machine age has practically abolished horseshoes, which causes most of our present bad luck.—*Brunswick* (*Ga.*) *Pilot.*

PROFESSOR PICCARD says that stratospheric travel would bring peace. No doubt. People traveling in this manner would exercise every precaution not to fall out.—*Thomaston* (*Ga.*) *Times.*

GOLD-MINING is booming in Canada, and the business outlook is somewhat brighter there. Wouldn't you know that prosperity would turn up in a country which does not owe us anything!—*The New Yorker.*

WIVES thinking of shooting, poisoning, or otherwise disposing of their husbands should do so before the currency is inflated and life insurance becomes worth about thirty cents on the dollar.—*Dunbar's Weekly.*

OLD Man Prosperity must be an amnesia victim.—*Chattanooga News.*

"DERN in New Cabinet."—Head-line. But which one? Gosh or Gol?—*Chicago Tribune.*

IT looks a little fishy when every ailment the world has requires bleeding Uncle Sam.—*Palatka* (*Fla.*) *News.*

JAPAN buys 100,000 tons of scrap-metal in New York. It takes a lot of metal for a modern scrap.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

ALL the great financiers are in favor of restoring confidence, if they can do it without getting confident enough to lend anybody any money.—*San Diego Union.*

AN income-tax collector says that the majority of business men pay up without saying a word. We can guess what the word would be if they did say it.—*The Humorist* (*London*).

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Congress: "What a Relief"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

WHEN a man bites a dog, that is news. Well, the League of Nations has begun making faces at Japan.—*San Diego Union.*

CHICKENS come home to roost. It was an American admiral who forced Japan to start modernizing.—*Lagrange* (*Ga.*) *Reporter.*

A KANSAS club organized to discuss current events is all balled up because three members can't play bridge.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE executive requirement of Budget Director Douglas was not that he is tender and true, but that he knows how to hew.—*Washington Post.*

OUR President-elect is trying to assemble a set of ambassadors who can speak the tongue of the countries in which they live. When breaches occur in the future, our diplomats must be fully prepared to misunderstand each nation in its own language.—*Detroit News.*

THE man who did most to retard recovery was the one who invented a good automobile paint.—*Brockville* (*Ont.*) *Recorder.*

FIGHTING in China, says an expert, is likely to go on for generations. The inhabitants have evidently realized what peace is like.—*Punch* (*London*).

WE read that a large number of "yes" men out in Hollywood have been discharged. We wish the banks would give them employment.—*Atlanta Journal.*

THE enlargement of the cups on golf-courses, so a player can get in the hole easier, appears to be an attempt to put golf on a business basis.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

As we understand it, the average citizen has now been quite thoroughly converted to the view that prices ought to advance sharply on everything he doesn't have to buy.—*Boston Herald.*

A RICH broker was caught lifting $25 from the pocket of a spectator at a Tokyo track. A charge of omitting the formality of offering a holding company bond has been entered.—*Detroit News.*

CONGRESS ought to hurry up and pass the Domestic Allotment bill to pay the farmers to produce less, so they can pay back the $90,000,000 Uncle Sam is lending them to produce more.—*Dunbar's Weekly.*

FARLEY asks the more solvent Democrats to wipe out the party deficit before the jobs are handed out. A contribution will buy them nothing, he hastily adds, but a prominent place on the succor list.—*The New Yorker.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Big Intent of the Little Entente

A NEW SHUDDER goes through certain sections of Europe.

Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Roumania—the Little Entente—join in a pact they call "eternal."

Their former union was temporary, renewable at the end of five years, and subject to six months' notice of withdrawal.

By their new agreement they loom as "a new great Power" in Europe.

Italy, irritated, aroused, declares French political machinations responsible. Austria, nervous, looks for help to Italy and Hungary.

The new treaty of the Little Entente, asserts M. W. Fodor,

Political Gibraltar of the Little Entente

Vienna correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, "will almost certainly produce reprisal groupings, and observers here agree that spring may see the peoples of the Little Entente and those of Hungary, Italy, Germany, and perhaps Austria, drawn up on the opposite side of the battle front, needing only a spark to touch off the explosion."

THE new treaty, Mr. Fodor points out, has no time limit, or, as Dr. Edouard Benés, Foreign Minister of Czecho-Slovakia, says: "It is eternal."

It is "an institution without precedent," declares the Manchester *Guardian*, a world-famous English daily, in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, and we read:

"Luck has been too long with Mussolini; his friends have pointed pistols at too many heads. Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania have been frightened into solidarity with Jugo-Slavia. Roumania looks elsewhere for backing against the Soviet.

"Europe is divided into two opposing systems, one openly led by France, the other by Italy.

"The forming of a new 'community' has cleared the air and shown us how things stand. Its future will depend upon its policy."

But the Fascist Government of Italy, headed by Premier Benito Mussolini, relates Joseph B. Phillips in a copyrighted Rome cable to the New York *Herald Tribune*, turns the full force of its powerful propaganda organization to the task of informing the Italian people that the pact signed by the Little Entente at Geneva should be considered as a move inspired by France for definite political motives dangerous to European peace.

By way of reply such an important organ of the French Foreign Office as *Le Temps* remarks that the new and permanent agreement of the Little Entente countries "should contribute importantly to wider peace efforts of the League."

What is this "new agreement" of the Little Entente countries, which was put through when everybody thought the League was submerged in the Chino-Japanese dispute?

THE new Statute of the Little Entente, according to the special correspondent of the London *Times* at Geneva, reveals chiefly that each of the three States—Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Roumania—renounces the right to conclude treaties without previously consulting the other two, and this informant adds:

"A permanent council, consisting of the three Ministers for Foreign Affairs, will direct common policy. It will have the assistance of a permanent bureau, one section of which will work continuously in Geneva, and of an economic council.

"The permanent council will meet at least three times a year, once in Prague, Bucharest, or Belgrade, taken in turn, once at Geneva during the sitting of the Assembly of the League, and once at a place to be selected by the president of the Council. Each Minister will be president for a year in rotation.

"In the political field, an official statement says, to give clear proof of the transformation of the Little Entente into an international community having an individuality of its own, the contracting States have decided that all their political treaties, all their unilateral acts changing the political situation of any one of them in relation to an external State, and every economic agreement capable of having important political consequences, shall require the previous unanimous consent of the Council.

"It has also been decided that the existing political treaties of each State with external States shall, progressively, and in the greatest measure possible, be made uniform, and that the treaties of alliance between the three States of the Little Entente are to be prolonged indefinitely.

"Thus all acts creating and organizing the Little Entente are rendered permanent and reaffirmed in a single instrument.

"The three Ministers have taken important economic decisions relating to Danubian navigation, railway and air traffic, posts, telegraphs, telephones, and broadcasting, the development of economic relations in general, and of preferential tariffs in particular.

"The three governments will ask the three banks of issue to draw up a plan of collaboration.

"The Statute will be subject to ratification, and the next meeting of the Council will be held in May in Prague."

FURTHER cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the European press reveal a certain animosity against the "new deal" of the Little Entente, as when the Vienna *Reichspost*, an organ of the Christian Socialist party, avers:

"The Little Entente Alliance in reality is a gesture against Italy, which has enraged Italy and further poisoned Franco-Italian relations.

"Except for a continuation of the previous negative policy of these States, namely, to maintain their post-war frontiers, the new treaty is of little real importance.

"The agreement has certain earmarks of a federative super-State, but it can cooperate in a military way only with the greatest difficulty, because between Czecho-Slovakia and the others lie Austria and Hungary."

In Germany the Berlin *Deutsche Zeitung*, having in mind, perhaps, the miscarriage of the Austro-German customs union, has this to say:

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"The Little Entente pact caused considerable painful sensation in authoritative quarters in Berlin.

"It is hardly visible how the economic cooperation of the Little Entente members could favor the creation of a union of all the Danubian countries. On the contrary, the Little Entente's consolidation, prompted by political motives, is apt further to disintegrate the Danube region."

By sharp contrast to such an intimation is the remark of the mouthpiece of Foreign Minister Benés (pronounced Benesh) of Czecho-Slovakia, the *Prager Presse*, which solemnly affirms:

"The Little Entente has no aim nor ambition other than serving as an anchor for European peace amidst the chaos in which large parts of Europe find themselves."

In the view of the Paris *Temps*, above cited, the work of the League of Nations, in Europe at least, is greatly simplified by the new resolution of the Little Entente, and it argues:

"The signing of the Little Entente pact is the most important event in European politics in recent months. The pact constitutes a recognition by the Belgrade, Bucharest, and Prague governments that the realities of the hour demand that they cooperate economically and politically in an effort to save themselves.

"Likewise the pact will enable the signatories to act on a project for their legitimate mutual interests and also strengthen their respective claims before the League because of their ability to act in concert. The Entente should contribute importantly to wider peace efforts of the League."

An independent newspaper of the capital of Jugo-Slavia, the Belgrade *Politika*, declares significantly:

"Hereafter, the work of the Little Entente may be fruitful, for the stronger the small States grow the less will the others be inclined to attack them."

Hitler's Strong-Arm Man in Action

THE FIRST CHANCE HERMANN GOERING GOT to prove he is the Hitler Government's "strong-arm man" he took.

Arson, in the burning of the Reichstag building, on February 27, which is blamed on the Communists in Germany, gave him this chance.

His report to the German Ministry, of which he is described as "Minister without Portfolio" and otherwise, concerned the Reichstag fire and a raid a week earlier by police on Karl Liebknecht House, the Communist headquarters on the Buelowplatz.

Herr Goering, as the Nazi leader's "big chief" and also chief of police in the State of Prussia, told the Cabinet, according to Associated Press cables from Berlin, that the material seized in the Karl Liebknecht House included forged orders to the police and to Nazi storm-troopers, and even included instructions for poisoning wells and food.

But the testimony of two men arrested, these Berlin Associated Press cables note, which was given by telephone to the Social-Democratic Berlin *Vorwaerts*, at the request of that daily, alleges that "Herr Goering himself had arranged for the Reichstag fire."

Meanwhile, advised by the Cabinet of the perilous state of affairs, these dispatches inform us further, President von Hindenburg placed the German Republic under virtual martial law by signing an emergency decree "giving the police extraordinary powers to enforce order."

The decree is said to have been directed particularly against the Communists.

We are told also that in preparing the decree the Cabinet "refrained from declaring a military state of emergency because of a desire to keep the Army out of politics."

Now Goering has come under the spotlight on Germany's turbulent political stage, it is timely to look him over.

Scarcely more than forty, and a professional soldier, French and Austrian newspapers tell us, Hermann Goering has now lost that youthful eagle-like leanness which once made him a romantic successor to Germany's greatest air-fighter. Camille Loutre, a cynical French reporter, tells us in the *Petit Parisien* that this Hitlerian Hercules is "well-planted" with a broad, flat, jowl-like face surmounting broad shoulders and puffed-out chest.

Eight years ago, Goering went to Rome to study the technique of Fascism in its home town. He came in contact with Il Duce, says the French journalist; and he returned to Munich hiding behind an arrogant Roman Emperor mask, modeled after that of Mussolini. But, to unsympathetic critics, his soft Bavarian accent remained somewhat incongruous.

After the war, Captain Goering had become a pilot in Denmark, and later worked up to an important post in the Svenska Luft Trafik in Sweden, and in 1926 he married a Baroness in that country. But the romantic aspect of the man is completely canceled by his excessive vanity and gross brutality, according to Camille Loutre. Writing in the Paris *Matin*, the sensational novelist J. Kessel gives us this close-up of Hitler's closest friend:

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Hitler's "New Broom"

Goering shows no mercy to Hitler's foes of whatever stripe.

"He has the powerful mask of a Knight. In the days of his youth and his air exploits, he must have had the sharp visage of a bird of prey, and those sharp lines you can still detect under the padding of fat put on by heavy eating.

"His body makes a heavy, vigorous mass, and is tightly drawn in at the waist, so tightly that his chest is thrust up and out like a cuirass. . . .

"When he speaks, he throws out that arrogant, brutal head and swells out his chest still more. His warm voice, his biting violence, and the entirely Latin cadence of his periods, his haughty irony, and a certain masculine virility strengthen the discourse of this orator."

To the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, Goering seems to understand the Danes and Swedes better than any other German statesman. But a recent passage of arms would seem to prove the contrary. Recently a Scandinavian paper referred slightingly to Herr Hitler, declaring "it is incomprehensible that the politics and press of the world should be compelled to occupy themselves with this figure. Hitler is an insult." Goering immediately telegraphed a peremptory and threatening protest. But the Scandinavian daily replied, says the London *Times*, in unabashed terms:

"It almost seems as if Herr Goering means that Sweden is a sort of annex of the German Reich. The tone in which Herr Goering's remarks are couched is undoubtedly the only natural one to him. It is one used by the sergeant in military barracks. Civilized people do not talk in such a fashion. We need not express any view on his action. It is sufficient to point to the fact that a German Minister issues threats as if it were his duty to sit in judgment on the Swedish press."

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Soviet Russia's Far-Flung Air Routes

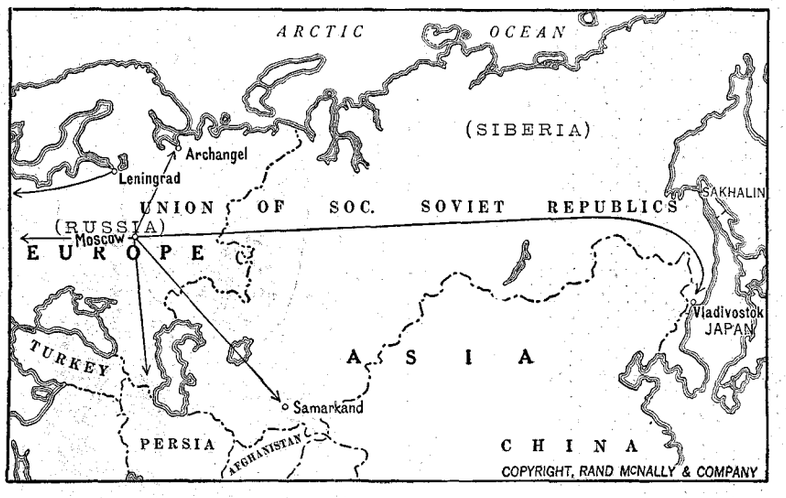
COMMUNISM TRIUMPHANT through its mastery of aviation.

Such is the picture constantly held before the eyes of the Russian masses by the leaders of the Communist party and the Soviet Government.

"In order to conquer, Communism must possess thousands upon thousands of planes." With these words, the Osaviokhim, or Union of Aviation and Chemical Warfare, is said to collect annually "voluntary contributions" to the extent of millions of rubles from the loyal Red proletariat "for the aerial defense of the Soviet Union from eventual imperialistic attack."

In aviation, at least, Moscow papers boast, the Five-Year Plan has been carried out in full. "In aviation the U. S. S. R. has risen to one of the most prominent places among the nations of the world."

In celebration of the completion of the first ten years of Soviet achievement in civil aviation, Mr. A. Goltzmann, a Soviet authority, contrasts its beginnings in 1923 with its present network of some 45,000 kilometers (about 28,000 miles). In *Pravda*, official organ of the Communist party in Moscow, Mr. Goltzmann proffers these facts and figures



Russia's Main Air Routes

"In 1923 Soviet civil aviation transported only 229 passengers, less than two tons of mail, and about half a ton of freight.

"In 1932 traffic increased to 27,225 passengers during the year. No less than 429.7 tons of mail were carried by air, and 447 tons of freight.

"Such is the striking contrast between the first year of this decade and the final year. In freight-carrying by air, the Soviet Union has risen to one of the leading places among the nations of Europe, and it is beginning to outpace them rapidly.

"Of course, this is due to the energy with which the Soviet Government is stimulating the advance of civil aviation throughout the Union. Enormous sums are being invested in it.

"In 1929 the Budget of the Soviet Union appropriated only 5,000,000 rubles for this purpose. In 1930 that figure was increased to 30,000,000 rubles; in 1932, to 150,000,000 rubles. Finally, for 1933, to 170,000,000 rubles."

ALL important centers of the U. S. S. R. are connected by regular air routes, this *Pravda* authority points out with pride. Regular schedules have been established, he claims, between Moscow and Leningrad, Moscow and Kharkof, Kharkof and the Crimea. But to gain any true conception of the Soviet achievement in the air, Mr. Goltzmann insists, one must consider the extent of the great air routes to the East. He explains:

"Russia is cut across from west to east by these great lines.

"The first, beginning at the western frontier, crosses the whole length of the country, and stops only at the shores of the Pacific.

"The second stretches from Moscow to Afghanistan and Western China.

"The third connects the Arctic Ocean, via Moscow, with the southernmost Caucasus—the Turkish and Persian frontiers.

"So it is that the most remote and wildest outposts of the Soviet Union, such as, for instance, the Yakut region or the Sakhalin Island in Siberia, are assured regular communication with the center of the Union, and are brought into constant cultural contact with it.

"The arid deserts of Kazakstan and of Central Asia, where until recently that 'ship of the desert,' the camel, afforded the sole means of transportation, now resound regularly to the throb of the airplane's propeller. Thousands of travelers who never thought of voyaging to such remote regions visit these sections, flying enormous distances in a few hours."

No less amazing, if we accept the testimony of this Soviet expert, has been the development of the aviation industry by native Soviet engineers. Ten years ago they could not build planes. In order to maintain traffic on the few air lines they had succeeded in establishing, they imported Dorniers, Fokkers, and Junkers. Foreign planes are still used in Russia; but Soviet engineers have succeeded in making their own. To follow this account in *Pravda:*

"Four or five years ago airplanes designed by Soviet engineers and constructed entirely of Russian materials began to appear.

"Of these the best known were the four-passenger and eight-passenger models designed by Comrade Kalinin, an Ukrainian engineer, and the nine-passenger plane designed by Comrade Tupolev, prominent airplane builder. During the last few years, especially since the middle of 1931, on most of the Soviet airways, these planes have gradually displaced those of foreign make. During the past twelve months Soviet planes have begun to outnumber those imported from Western countries."

WITH grandiloquent gesture, this *Pravda* writer points to the Soviets' "gigantic aviation institutes." In these, he claims, engineers are now busily perfecting new models. According to Mr. Goltzmann, a new thirty-six-passenger plane (*ANT-14*) has been worked out so successfully that it places the Soviet Union in "one of the leading places among airplane-designing countries." Moreover:

"Youthful students in the Kharkof Aviation Institute have constructed a new type of plane, which, when tested, developed the speed of 290 kilometers (about 180 miles) an hour.

"Students of the Leningrad Institute have built a plane with wooden wings, which is so light and develops such speed that it opens a new promise for the future.

"True, the construction of our own motors involves greater difficulties. Until the end of 1931, our civil pilots knew only foreign motors, the unquestionably excellent *Liberty L-5*, *BMV-3*, *BMV-6*, etc."

Since the end of 1931, the Soviet airways have been using motors of Russian manufacture. Without descending from its confident tone, the *Pravda* expert admits that "these motors are not ideal. But here, too, we are standing on the path of rapid and fruitful progress." That the Soviet Union lags far behind in the construction of airports Mr. Goltzmann admits:

"The idea of the Soviet public that the only thing needed for aviation are planes and pilots is far from accurate.

"For the building of well-organized and well-equipped airports an enormous investment is also required. In the United States, for instance, there are 2,094 airports, valued at approximately $800,000,000. In this, it must be admitted, the Soviet Union is still far behind the United States, and even considerably behind some of the European countries."

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Europe's Squabble Over Arms-Smuggling

CREAKING UNDER ITS HEAVY LOAD OF 50,000 rifles and 200 machine-guns, a train of many freight-cars pulls slowly over the Alps from Verona, Italy, to Hirtenberg, just south of Vienna.

Hirtenberg is the seat of Austrian munition factories.

Almost before those 50,000 rifles are unloaded, the Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna "spills the beans." Those guns, it accuses, are being loaded upon trucks for reshipment to Hungary.

A government statement explains that the arms are merely being repaired—a task undertaken to provide work for Austrian labor. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* denies this, attacks the Chancellor for Austria's part in an organized arms-smuggling traffic which violates Article 134 of the Treaty of St. Germain and Article 118 of the Treaty of Trianon, forbidding the import and export by those defeated nations, Austria and Hungary, of "arms, munitions, and war material of all kinds."

Immediately an uproar breaks out in the European press. "Italy is secretly arming Hungary as her future ally in event of war with Jugo-Slavia!" cry newspapers of the Little Entente.

Czecho-Slovakia at once submits an official complaint to France and Great Britain. The Austrian Government replies that the treaties do not prohibit the transit of arms, and that it is permissible to repair such arms during transit. Hungary denies that it has received arms from Italy. Italy declines to accept responsibility for the action of private firms. Finally, France and Great Britain send a note to Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss of Austria. Within fifteen days—so declares this "ultimatum"—the arms must be returned to Italy, or destroyed.

THIS arms-smuggling squabble rocks the press of Europe. In Rome the *Giornale d'Italia* publishes details of the note sent to Austria—this is denounced as a grave indiscretion. In Paris the *Echo de Paris* hurls further, graver accusations of an organized contraband trade in arms between Italy and Hungary. In Vienna, newspapers protest that France is treating Austrians as tho they were inhabitants of an African colony. And the Vienna *Neues Wiener Abendblatt* protests that never before in the diplomatic history of Europe "has an independent State been obliged to swear an affidavit like a bankrupt debtor, altho as a member of the League of Nations, Austria is entitled to equal rights with other countries."

During 1932 alone, adds the Catholic *Reichspost*, Czecho-Slovakia sent into Jugo-Slavia via Austria guns sufficient to arm several Army corps, and nobody protested in the least.

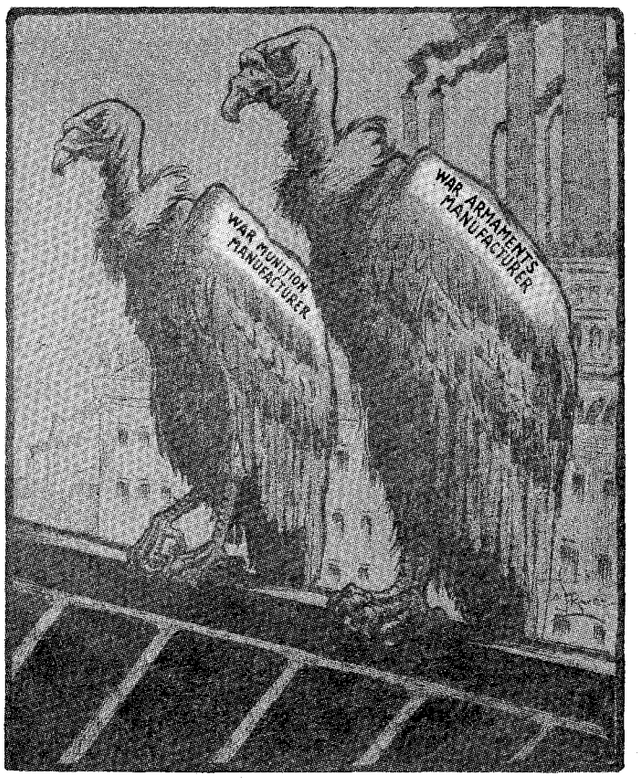
Despite this shouting and tumult, the Austrian Government made light of the incident—since it hoped for loans from France and Great Britain. Chancellor Dollfuss diplomatically promises to return the arms to Italy. In London the House of Commons passed the Austrian Loan bill, effectuating the Geneva agreement by which Great Britain and France will lend Austria some $14,100,000 each.

This "incident," said to involve at least eight countries, is ended by the suspension of Dr. Egon Seefahlner, director of the Austrian State railways, for his complicity in organizing the contraband traffic in arms between Italy and Hungary. In an official communiqué, according to the translation of the New York *Times*, the Government admitted:

"The Chancellor learned that the General Director of the Austrian State railways had conversed with representatives of the railroad men concerning the transport of the Hirtenberg rifles in a direction not corresponding to the intentions of the Government. Commerce Minister Jakoncig accordingly immediately suspended the General Director of railroads."

Vienna Socialists charged that Dr. Seefahlner had approached Berthold Koenig, Socialist Deputy and official of the railroad workers' union, with the proposal that the Hirtenberg rifles, instead of being sent back to Italy, should be diverted at Vienna Neustadt, and thence sent over a branch line to Sopron, just inside the Hungarian border.

Despite resolutions adopted by the Austrian parliamentary committee asserting Austria's desire to maintain strict neutrality, newspapers of Paris and Rome vie with each other in exchanging bitter accusations. *Il Giornale d'Italia* voices the Fascist charge that "France and the Little Entente are undermining the peace efforts of Geneva." The Roman Fascist organ bluntly charges:



Keen Watchers

—A. G. Racey in "The Daily Star" (Montreal).

"Profound insincerity still governs the relations of the nations of Europe.

"Italy feels it to be her duty to make disclosures as a great Power sharing responsibility for order and progress on the Continent.

"It is useless to confer at Geneva when certain heavily armed nations associate and unite in mysterious combinations, rendering open and above-board cooperation in Europe an illusion."

A VIOLENT counterblast is launched by the conservative, right-wing *Echo de Paris*. It accuses Italy, Hungary, and even Austria, of "a permanent conspiracy against Jugo-Slavia." This French paper publishes special details of "Italy's delivery of thirty-two fighting and bombing airplanes to Hungary, in violation of the treaties."

In reply to an unofficial protest from Budapest that this is "an arbitrary invention" on the part of the Paris newspaper, *L'Echo* specifies:

"We maintain our assertion. Not only do we maintain it in full, but we are in a position to add the following details:

"The twelve 450 horse-power Fiat fighters belong to class CCXX; the twenty 650 horse-power Fiat bombers belong to class CCXXII.

"The thirty-two airplanes have already reached their destination and have been safely stored, after being taken to pieces in Hungarian machine-shops; they are part of a fleet of forty-eight military airplanes which Italy is to furnish to Hungary."

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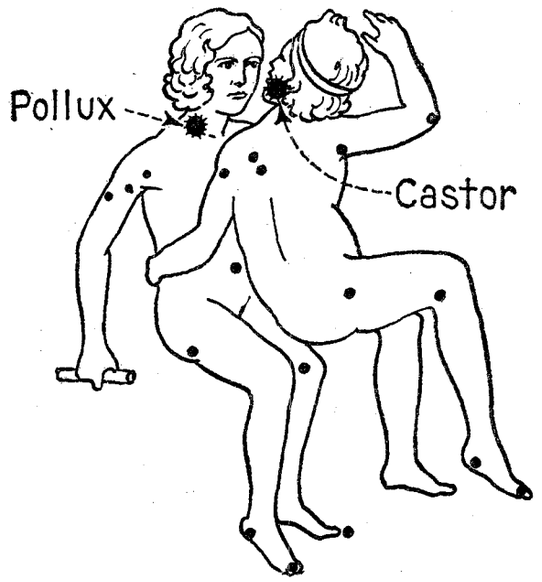
Strange Heavenly Twins

THE TWIN STARS, CASTOR AND POLLUX, are in reality far apart, and only seem to be twins.

But one of them, Castor, is really a complicated stellar system, whose diameter is greater than that of our own solar group, embracing several twin stars, some so far apart that their "year" is 350 of ours; others so near that it is less than our day.

Most of these facts were recently discovered. In a bulletin of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific (San Francisco), they are discust by Dr. Robert G. Aitken, director of the Lick Observatory. He says, in part:

"One who looks up at the eastern sky in the early hours of a January evening will have his attention arrested by two bright



What's Wrong With This Picture?

The Gemini, or twins, of ancient astronomy. "The two stars, so far from being twins, are entirely unrelated, and are not only at quite different distances from us, but are traveling through space in different directions and with different velocities." To make up for it, however, Castor is himself two pairs of twins.

stars, one almost directly above the other. We know them as Castor and Pollux, but their recorded history far antedates the classic myth of Leda's famed twin sons. Among the Greeks and the Romans Castor and Pollux were regarded as especially friendly to mariners, and often appeared as figureheads on their vessels.

"Our immediate concern is with but one of these twins—Castor. It is a white star, whereas Pollux gives out a warmer, orange-colored light. The two stars, so far from being twins, are entirely unrelated, and are not only at quite different distances from us, but are traveling through space in different directions and with different velocities.

"Castor itself is not a single star but a pair of stars, one about twice as bright as the other. Bradley and Pound made the discovery in 1719, and forty years later Bradley noted that the line joining the two had changed its direction by as much as thirty degrees; but it did not occur to him that this motion arose from the mutual attraction of the two stars. That great discovery was reserved for Sir William Herschel.

"The two bodies in such a system revolve about one common center of gravity, but since we can observe only their relative motion it is customary to regard the brighter star as fixt, and to measure the positions of the fainter star with respect to it.

"Many hundreds of measures of this character have been made of Castor since Herschel's time. If our troublesome atmosphere did not constantly interfere, if our instruments were absolutely perfect, and the eye and hand of the observer infallible, all of the observed places of the companion would lie accurately upon the curve of an ellipse. The period of revolution may be as long as 500 or (more probably) as short as 350 years."

THE distance to Castor is quite accurately known, Dr. Aitken tells us. We may adopt, he says, the value of 40.75 light-years. At present the two components are separated by the apparent distance of 4."5. It is safe to say, he thinks, that the true distance between the two stars at present is three times the distance of the outermost known planet, Pluto, from the sun. He goes on:

"In 1896 Belopolsky, at Pulkova, found that the fainter star is a spectroscopic binary, and in 1904 Curtis, at the Lick Observatory, discovered that the brighter star is likewise a spectroscopic binary. Curtis's investigations, at that time, showed that the two components comprising the fainter star revolve in practically circular orbits in a period of 2.93 days; whereas the two which form the brighter star of the visual pair revolve in a period of 9.22 days. Russell, some years later, showed that the mass of the entire system is about 6.5 times the mass of the sun.

"Even now the story is not complete. At a distance of 73" from the bright pair there is a faint reddish star of the ninth magnitude, which proves to be physically related to the brighter stars. Moreover, it is also a spectroscopic binary. The minimum value for their combined mass is 1.2 the mass of the sun.

"Castor is, then, a remarkable multiple star system. It would be in harmony with current ideas of stellar evolution to surmise that the three stars visible in the telescope had a common origin some thousands of millions of years ago. Then, at a later date, for some reason, the fainter but more massive component of the bright pair split in two, which, at first revolving in surface contact, gradually pushed apart, to travel in ever more elliptic orbits. At a more recent date the brighter star divided, and still later the distant companion star. This, however, is still largely a matter of speculation. As to the actual processes and sequence of events we have as yet pitifully little accurate knowledge."

New Uses for Rubber

MEN'S shirts that never lack buttons, because they need none, feminine corsets of different varieties, and garments that elastically fit the figure, vari-colored "glasses" that bounce instead of break!

These are some of the new products that are about to come upon the market from American rubber factories heretofore specializing in auto tires, toy balloons, and other more familiar rubber articles.

Rubber is making a bid as a textile, asserts Watson Davis, managing editor of Science Service in a triweekly feature (Washington). He says:

"In combination with cotton, rayon, etc., it is being used to make a stretchy new yarn. For garters and girdles it seems to be an ideal material. For shirts and shorts it is replacing buttons that give trouble on the person and in the laundry. Men may soon expect to be able to have shirts with elastic cuffs and a stretchy insert lengthwise so that they can get into them without buttons to fumble. Lastex is one trade name of one rubber-textile combination, elisions of 'elastic 'and 'latex,' the form in which rubber comes from the rubber tree.

"Once hard rubber, 'vulcanite' or 'ebonite,' made by mixing rubber with a little more sulfur than is used in the pliable sort of vulcanized rubber of tires, etc., was the principal synthetic material for combs, fountain-pens, hairpins (when they wore them). Synthetic resins of the bakelite type usurped much of the hard rubber field, and then they marched on to compete with glass and chinaware.

"Rubber is now invading this application also. A new plastic compound of rubber, tasteless and odorless, resistant to heat and scratching, classed as unbreakable, with lower costs claimed, is being offered. It will be made into dishes, household appliances, and containers."

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Ears and Nose May Aid the Eye

DO YOU READ THESE WORDS with your eyes alone? Or do your ears, nose, tongue, and the senses of your skin all help?

Of course, you can not taste a newspaper or a book except figuratively, but what you do taste may give a different appearance as well as flavor to the page before you.

The connection between different senses has long been discust by physiological psychologists. Some interesting recent experiments made in Berlin by Dr. George W. Hartmann, of Pennsylvania State College, are thus described by Marjorie Van de Water in *Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington):

"It appears that there may be good scientific foundation for the old custom of pinching oneself to make sure of the reality of what is seen.

"The beautiful play of colors which accompanies orchestral selections in many theaters may not only delight the eye, but also make the music sound more lovely. And the bright color of the rose may intensify your pleasure in its scent.

"A whiff or odor from a bottle of that mosquito-chaser, oil of citronella, will make your sight keener, he found. So also will the very disagreeable odor of xylenol, which smells rather like coal-tar or strong disinfectant. And the sound of a whistle, the pressure of a hammer against your hand, or the pain of a pinprick.

"You may or may not be aware that your sight is improved by these signals to your other senses.

"Some of those who took part in the experiment were conscious of the improvement; others complained that the 'distractions' or annoyances kept them from doing their best. But the test results told the same story of greater keenness of vision, quite regardless of what the individual thought he was accomplishing."

Courtesy of *Science News Letter* (Washington, D. C.)

Cooperating Senses

When an odor sends its signal to the olfactory center of the brain, or a noise to the auditory center, your vision is improved. Dr. Hartmann believes this is due to a transfer of energy between the centers.

ONE test is made with two movable black squares about twenty feet away. They are brought so close that the observer sees them as one. Then a shrill whistle is blown; at once he sees the white line that separates them.

Another test is with complementary color images—for instance, the red spot that you see after gazing at a green spot, and then looking at a gray or dull white surface. When the red spot begins to fade, hold a vibrating tuning-fork to your ear. The spot brightens perceptibly. Miss Van de Water reports:

"'Apparently, lights, sounds, smells, pressures, and pains do have some property or properties in common, for how otherwise would one account for their similar influence upon visual acuity?' Dr. Hartmann said.

"And there is an exchange of energy between the different centers of the brain, Dr. Hartmann is convinced as a result of his experiments.

"The activity of any one sense-organ does not remain confined in that organ, he says, but spreads, altho in lesser degree, over all the other sense centers.

"It is not that your eyes respond to sound-waves, or to odors. But when your ear receives the sound and transmits it to the auditory centers of the brain, its duty is not yet done. The nervous impulses which carry the sound also excite other centers of the brain.

"When the visual centers receive these impulses, they are interpreted by you as coming by way of the eye—what you see seems brighter, sharper, clearer.

"In some individuals the senses are very intimately related so that sounds to them have color, or even taste.

"Sir Francis Galton, noted anthropologist, who was largely responsible for our system of using finger-prints to detect and identify criminals, was one of these persons. To him, many sounds had definite colors.

"A new school of German psychologists, called the Gestalt school, from the German word which means pattern, teaches that an individual does not have single experiences or sensations by themselves. You respond not to red or yellow or tree or cloud, each by itself, but rather to the whole environment as a pattern.

"His experiments, Dr. Hartmann believes, add new evidence to the argument of this school. Not only do you see what lies before your eyes as one great pattern, but woven into the design are also the myriad sounds which assail your ears, the perfumes which reach your nose, and the pressures and pains which make the scene smooth and soft or harsh and grating."

Gyromagnetism

THE POSSIBILITY of magnetizing a piece of iron simply by rotating it was announced eighteen years ago by Prof. S. J. Barnett of the University of California.

This magnetism is not permanent, it seems, but disappears as soon as the iron comes to rest.

In an editorial, *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago) suggests that this action may account for the earth's magnetism. It recalls the developments of this theory:

"In 1876 Henry A. Rowland, recently graduated at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, made a remarkable discovery, namely, that by rotating a disk charged with static electricity it became a magnet. Prof. S. J. Barnett, of the University of California at Los Angeles, has made an even more remarkable discovery. In 1914 he found that 'A rod of iron, or other magnetic substance, can be magnetized simply by setting it into rotation in a region which is originally entirely neutral magnetically.' In both the Rowland and the Barnett experiments, the magnetism ceases when the rotation ceases.

"The cause of the magnetism in the Rowland experiment is explained by the fact that either a proton or an electron in motion exhibits magnetic force. In the Barnett experiment the magnetic substances presumably display magnetic properties because their orbital electrons become oriented by the rotation, just as they become oriented in the presence of a magnet. Professor Barnett uses the principle of the gyroscope to explain how this orientation is effected. His articles in *The Physical Review*, and particularly a lecture delivered before the University of California, in 1928 and revised in 1930, should be read by those who are interested in the details of his great discovery. We call it great not because of practical results that have as yet followed the discovery, but because of the flood of light that it throws upon certain phenomena.

"The earth's core is probably iron. It is rotating rapidly. Hence, by the Barnett principle it must be a magnet. A century ago Faraday showed that a vast number of substances are at least slightly magnetic. He found oxygen to be the most magnetic of all the common gases. Hence, by the Barnett principle, our atmosphere is a magnet. By the same principle we may safely infer that the sun, the stars, and all axially rotating planets are magnets. Hale has proved that the sun is a magnet. Even the orbital motion of a planet that contains magnetic material converts it into a magnet."

Gyromagnetism serves to explain also, the author thinks, how a star or planet can hold electron-shells from escaping. Our earth, he says, is encased by several—perhaps a great many—electron-shells, some of which have radii vastly greater than that of the moon's orbit. Gravitation could not hold those electrons from escaping, but magnetic force could hold them, and Barnett's principle furnishes at least one certain means by which such a force is generated.

(*Department continued on page 29*)

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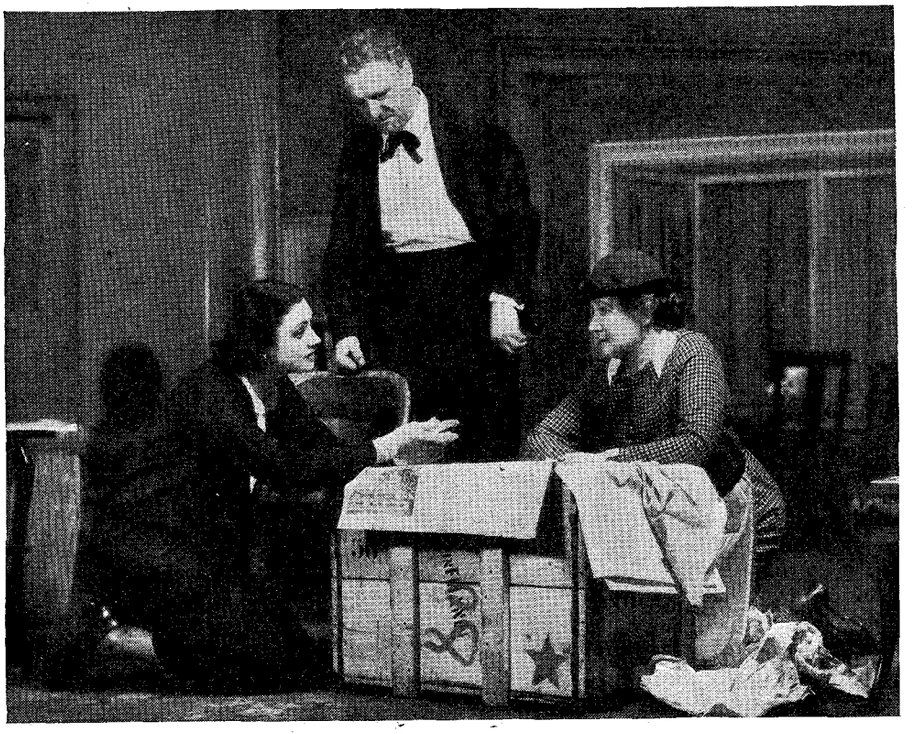
A Music Teacher in These Days

KATHARINE CORNELL IS NOT TO BE DOWNED by a second play this season.

As a rebellious and unhappy teacher of music in a Middle Western college, in "Alien Corn" she "runs the gamut of those emotions expressing yearning, despair, exaltation, hopelessness, love, longing, and a joyous strike for freedom."

These latter words are Burns Mantle's of *The Daily News* (New York), and he gives in brief what is more expanded by Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times:*



Fitting Up the New Home

Elsa Brandt tells her ambitions to a professor's wife while her disabled father stands by. Katharine Cornell, Siegfried Rumann, Jessie Busley.

"For Miss Cornell 'Alien Corn' is another Odyssey in frustration.

"If it adds nothing to what we all know of her gifts, it leaves none of them unused.

"She moves around the living-room of her house on the campus like a trapt tigress. The pulse of her acting keeps the whole play vibrant. When at length you are dismissed from her presence, you feel that you have lived through a flaming adventure.

"What is vital to her is by the same token vital to her audience; and whatever the play may be, that is one of the hallmarks of great acting."

WHICH seems to imply that in this case whatever Sidney Howard has failed to do which causes critics to look askance at various aspects of this play, it is less the thing than what the leading lady makes of it.

But the play has its points, and these are not missed by Wilella Waldorf, who is doing the first-night notices in the New York *Evening Post* in Mr. Brown's absence. It is a far cry from George Ade's "The College Widow," for here the college becomes a phase of American life to be satirized:

"The tortures of thwarted genius in unhappy surroundings are set forth by Mr. Howard with the utmost sympathy. *Elsa*—she was named after *Elsa* in 'Lohengrin,' a favorite rôle of her mother's—is the daughter of the violinist and a Wagnerian opera singer. Both were successful in Europe before the war, and in New York.

"With the opening of hostilities, however, German artists were no longer capable of entertaining the populace, and the family was interned in Georgia. There the mother died, and the father, attempting suicide, sustained an injured arm, sold his violin, and thought only of returning to Vienna.

"Stranded in a Middle Western town, the daughter played the piano in a local film theater, until shunted into the faculty of Conway College for young women.

"Those members of the teaching staff who gather at *Elsa's* home in the course of the play may be taken, no doubt, as somewhat advanced members of the community, and their attitude toward the profession is illuminating, and even a trifle staggering, to this reviewer, a graduate of a woman's college whose touching faith in the faculty invariably endowed even the lowliest instructor with the educational fervor of a Princess Ida.

"*Elsa* herself, of course, detests teaching, and regards the college as a sort of prison. *Julian Vardaman*, instructor in English literature, acted with a good deal of fervor by young Luther Adler, is of the type best described simply as 'neurotic,' and hates it all. *Professor Skeats*, of the same department, is a dignified fellow who blackmails his assistants into doing his work while he gives radio talks to women's clubs. *Stockton*, of the Latin department, is a weak creature who fancies himself tremendously manly when indulging in target practise with loaded pistols. *Watkins*, of the physics department, is the only one who confesses to a genuine passion for teaching.

"'I enjoy teaching so much,' he says, 'that I don't care if they don't learn anything.'

"All abhor examination papers, and seem to regard the strictly off-stage students as a collective nuisance. No 'Maedchen in Uniform' there."

RARELY is there unanimity among critics on the value of a play, and so Gilbert W. Gabriel of the New York *American* finds less fault than the others. Certainly, there is no doubt about Mr. McClintic's staging:

"Good acting abides in 'Alien Corn,' and good Guthrie McClintic staging, and all that expert tethering of details which means a rare atmosphere of ease and excellent accuracy and the snug fitting of theatrical values into just right cogs of every-day life. But upon the stage, it seems and sounds an absolutely effortless job . . . which may be the oddest but is certainly the highest praise for a production which must sometimes have had them all on the edge of excruciation.

"Because—not that I've peeped at the script and know for sure what I'm conjecturing—but I imagine that 'Alien Corn' was a complex problem, and is still a somewhat diffuse and elusive play.

"Mr. Howard is not content to use his hands to pat nice little people on their sorry heads, as he did in 'They Knew What They Wanted,' or to flick them with satirist's coldness as he could in 'The Silver Cord.'

"This time his fingers probe in several directions at once: probe slyly here, vindictively here, softly into the bruised spirit

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of this glorious old clown, hotly into the burning soul of his musician-heroine . . . and it is neither possible nor his purpose, I suspect, to reduce so many true humans to the formula of ordinary American playwriting.

"But, for all its—and your—hesitancies and minor muffings, you are bound to find 'Alien Corn' an excitingly illuminated piece of modern American life, keenly put, gracious and richly, diversely human."

Pitfalls of Modern Art

MANY PEOPLE ARE PUZZLED OVER modern painting.

It seems so lop-sided and bizarre, so lacking in drawing, and so unreal in color.

They do not get at the painter's motive in departing from the good old-fashioned way of representation, painting a scene or an object as it meets the eye.

The old method was all right before the days of photographs and news-reels, for "the public then was unacquainted with what was going on beyond its local horizon."

Now that things are changed since the war, points out Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute, "the restless emotionalism of the artist all unconsciously seeks new fields of endeavor. The very intellectual and imaginative interest of our highly-tuned, nervously-educated social order presents the answer."

In *The Carnegie Magazine* (Pittsburgh) is printed some advice given to a company of artists, but illuminative to those endeavoring to understand what seem the vagaries of modern art. The artist, Mr. Saint-Gaudens says, turned to stress in painting what he "thought of the objects before him":

"Of course, hitherto 'thought' on the part of an artist was the last thing expected in the literal interpretation of the word. The artist held up the mirror, but did not analyze.

"Now, however, to every one's bewilderment, thought became the order of the day. The artist's thought might be serious or placid. It might be loud-mouthed or gracious, genuine or fictitious, or merely inconsequential. It might be hysterical, or jocose, or satirical.

"But, at any cost, the artist was asked to emphasize these reflections rather than his technical ability to reproduce an object, or his proficiency in handling, let us say, the effect of light."

WITH the emergence of such efforts many fine craftsmen fell by the wayside. Also "many young adventurers—some honestly brilliant, others pure charlatans—stept from obscurity into the limelight."

So Mr. Saint-Gaudens brings forth his advice:

"I believe that for the last decade artists have leaned far too heavily on their attempt to emphasize to the public the cleverness of their miscellaneous 'thoughts'—that is to say, their new deductive qualities as contrasted with their old intuitive sensitiveness. As a result the artists have lost a large portion of their power of technique.

"'Thoughts' are not enough. When the public turns to art, it wishes to gaze upon not only an emotionally enticing object, and in the case of the modernists an intellectually stimulating object, but also on a well-made object. The public has shown once more its old demand for the inclusion of technique.

"Therefore, while still clinging to the principle that if your output is to be really worth while, it may have back of it 'thought,' altho, I repeat, that is not the primary function of art, remember that if the public is to understand that 'thought,' the output must be exprest with technique.

"Now, by all this I do not mean that you try this leader's style, or that master's eccentricity. Nor should you fret about whether you are advanced or academic.

"When I was a youngster I took so many courses in English literature at Harvard, and learned so much from 'Hill's Rhetoric,' about 'clearness, force, and emphasis,' and 'unity, mass, and coherence,' that for ten years after I was graduated I was so mentally muscle-bound that I could not write a comprehensible paragraph.

"Be warned. Prize your individuality. But also prize your technical skill, and never be discouraged. If something has gone awry with your mechanical or emotional intuitive faculties, consider the business men, a few of whom have admitted to me rather plaintively of late, that they have been wondering if their erstwhile calm deductiveness has not got a touch of clay feet.

"Only hold in your mind one short lesson contained in the remark of Ingres, inscribed on the pedestal beneath his bust at the entrance to the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, which tells us that drawing is the base of art.

"Therefore, as a layman speaking to artists, I say to you draw, and then continue to draw.

"Then, knowing your technique, put it to work, go on a rampage for your enthusiasms, and let no one stop you."

The Patroness Rehearses, and the Fat Is in the Fire

Lily Cahill and Katharine Cornell.

The Cover

THE painter of the cover picture is cowboy, poet, painter, and rodeo-rider, but principally landscape painter.

Jack van Ryder was born in Arizona of Boer-Dutch parentage. This is his own story of "The Dry Water Hole":

"I have always been fond of silence and solitude. Lonely stretches of seashore, the prairies of Montana, the majestic Sierras of California, but above all, the desert. To me nothing compares with the beauty of this strange silent vastness. In 1926, while on a sketching trip near Tucson, I ran short of water. Knowing the location of a certain water hole, I headed toward it, intending to camp there. I found this well dry. Waiting until night, so I could travel in the cool of the evening, I made a sketch. Not wanting to abandon my pack-burro on account of some sketches, I traveled through the coolness of the night. Dividing what little water that was left with my pack animal, I was lucky to stumble onto a small ranch about daylight next morning."

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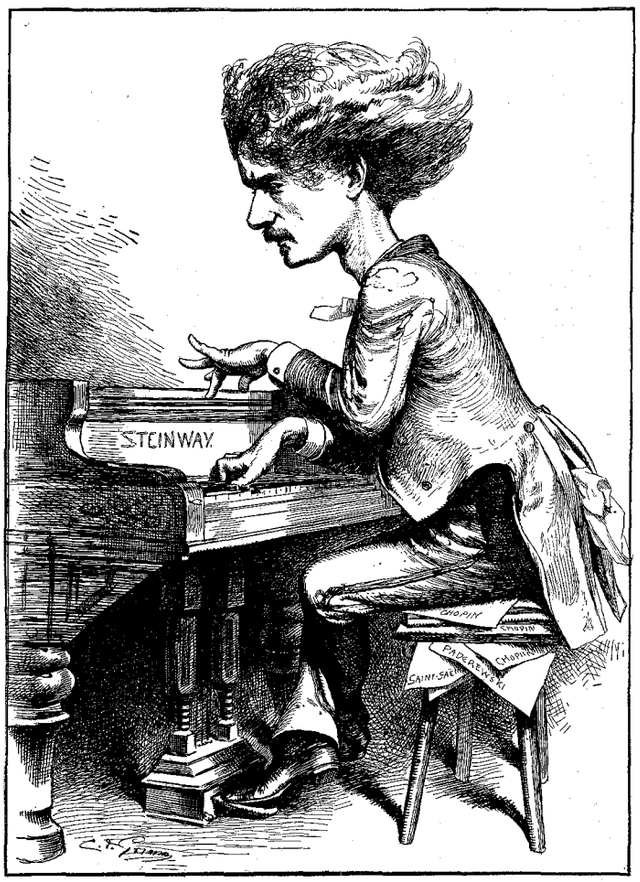
Paderewski, Poland, and Chopin

PADEREWSKI PLAYED AGAIN IN NEW YORK to an audience "like none other of the season in proportion and brilliance."

Carnegie Hall had to suffice, tho it was not large enough to satisfy all would-be comers. Last year he filled the immense Madison Square Garden in his generous gift of music as a benefit for his suffering fellow musicians.

The Paderewski of to-day, at seventy-two, is in physical



Paderewski, in 1891, Eased on the Piano Stool by Sheet Music of Chopin's Works

A caricature by Baron C. de Grimm on the occasion of the pianist's first American visit.

aspect no negative of the pianist who first ravished our senses. S. J. Woolf avers this in the New York *Times Magazine:*

"Tall, erect, and alert, he seemed ageless. True, his auburn hair is now glinted with silver, yet the spark in his eyes is as vital as when forty years ago he first startled the musical world with the magic of his playing. His profile is as haunting as when Burne-Jones made that drawing in sanguine of the esthetic young Pole who had set agog the London of Wilde, Whistler and Aubrey Beardsley."

A recital by him, says Olin Downes elsewhere in the *Times*, has "the atmosphere of an artistic rite; at the same time there is a singular sensation of spectacle and event."

THE fact that Poland is rumored to be calling him again to lead its destinies may have influenced him in confining his program to the works of Chopin.

"For many years there has been a legendary glamour surrounding the Chopin of Paderewski," writes W. J. Henderson of the New York *Sun*. "It began to exist when he made his first visit to this city, forty-one years ago."

Others like the late Vladimir de Pachmann have been famous players of Chopin, but de Pachmann's Chopin was never the man of passion revealed by Paderewski.

In the London *Daily Mail* of January 6, Paderewski, through his interviewer Richard Capell, thus delivered himself on the subject of his countryman:

"He needs not my or any defense; but a protest may be made against the legend of a spineless, effeminate, and self-pitying Chopin. How could the author of the 'F-minor Ballade,' the 'F-minor Fantasia,' the great, proud 'Polonaises,' the spirited 'Mazurkas,' the tragic 'Scherzos,' and heroic Studies (Chopin's Studies I hold to be almost the most characteristic and original of his works)—how, good people, can he have been that? The frail body contained an heroic soul.

"The legend, too, of a Chopin who was a mere melodist, with no real technical resources, may be corrected. Truly it is absurd. If one work were to be selected to refute it, I would name the 'F-minor Ballade,' with its subtle contrapuntal texture.

"The thought of Chopin's physical frailty brings to mind the demands (little realized by the lay public) which the musical career makes upon the strength of the body. How many women executants have had the keenest musical intuitions without the bodily strength to render them actual! A woman is, of course, frequently an excellent chamber-music pianist, but I call to mind only two of my time who had the strength adequate to the largest occasions—I mean Sophie Menter and Teresa Carreño—and, rather strangely, those so-to-say virile women lacked tenderness."

IN the opening number, the F-Minor Fantasia, as Mr. Downes describes the performance, Paderewski seemed to be saying again in music what we have quoted:

"Whatever tension there might have been in an opening performance, its effect was triumphant, owing to the imagination and the gigantic line of the performance, the eloquence of the singing tone, the poetry and fire of the playing. A furious octave passage swept like the leap of a tiger up the keyboard.

"The middle part—the prayer—was all subdued half-lights. The end was the voice of the tragic bard, once more smiting the lyre, once more summoning the spirits of the mighty past.

"In other compositions, where it was possible and appropriate, Mr. Paderewski spared himself. But not here. He has rarely sung more beautifully on the keys. Two nocturnes, those in C-minor and D-flat, were witness to this. Then followed four of the preludes, in A-flat, B-flat minor, B-flat and D-minor.

"The mood of reverie and the booming of the distant bell in the first prelude gave place to the precipitation of the prelude in B-flat minor. The third, in turn, prepared the way for one of the finest movements of the afternoon, the dramatic, the tremendous utterance of the prelude in D-minor.

"Without a pause the pianist proceeded and traversed, in passionate vein, the four movements of the sonata in B-flat minor. In another day Mr. Paderewski might have been more extravagant, rhapsodic, at the keyboard. Yesterday, heroic as the mood was, his proportions were carefully maintained.

"We do not remember any revelation of the sonata by him which had such a balance of objectivity and imagination as the one the audience was privileged to hear. All the different moods, the emotional and formal sequences of the work were conveyed with intensity of feeling, and intensity of logic. The opening of the Funeral March moved with surprizing rapidity, but the end gave the tempo its justification. The finale may easily be an anticlimax. It fell on the ears as the one, the inevitable conclusion of the work, and perhaps of the hopes, dreams, desires of man."

"Dropt notes" have sometimes been the subject of comment on this master's playing, but Mr. Henderson makes light of such cavils:

"Sticklers for accuracy will, of course, shake their heads. The same head-shaking was noticed when Rubinstein was engaged in thundering along the keyboard and dropping many notes under the piano. It may be well to remember that the scribes have never made habitual use of the words 'etched,' 'cameo-cut,' 'chiseled,' in describing Paderewski's performances.

"He paints sometimes with a smear of the palette knife, but what a colorist! Turner's drawing was more erratic than Paderewski's ever was, but what a painter! Men and women will remember Saturday's recital as one of the splendid episodes in the career of an aging artist."

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DRURY COLLEGE
Springfield, Missouri

Salvation Without Belief in Jonah's Tale

AND WHEN THE BOY GREW UP and became both a priest and a scientist, he didn't believe that the whale swallowed Jonah or that the world was made in six days.

Science taught him that a whale could not survive the feat, and that creation took millions upon millions of years.

At the same time he still believes in the Bible—as a way to salvation, not as a treatise on science.

And Einstein says that this priest has made the most beautiful explanation of creation he ever heard.

"There is no conflict between religion and science," says Abbé Lemaitre, secular priest and famous physicist who developed the theory of the exploding universe.

His view is interesting and important not because he is a Catholic priest, writes Duncan Aikman in the New York *Times Magazine*, but because he is both. "Here is a man who believes firmly in the Bible as a revelation from on high, but who develops a theory of the universe without the slightest regard for the teachings of revealed religion on genesis. And there is no conflict!"

With which many Fundamentalists still embedded in the precepts of their fathers do not agree.

LEMAITRE, like Eddington, we read, finds that science and religion supplement each other. "To search thoroughly for the truth involves a searching of souls as well as of spectra. And it is religion that satisfies the soul-searching instinct, according to Lemaitre. In fact, he goes so far as to recommend a course in theology—to him a way of looking at the Bible—to physicists and biologists who see in the Book of Genesis only an interesting piece of ancient folklore."

Listen to the Abbé, Mr. Aikman bids us, as he sits in a student's bare room in the atheneum of the California Institute of Technology, a stoutish young man of thirty-eight who wears horn-rimmed glasses and the Roman collar of a secular Catholic priest. He begins with a smile and a French inflection in otherwise perfect English:

"Do you know where the heart of the misunderstanding lies?

"It is really a joke on the scientists. They are a literal-minded lot. Hundreds of professional and amateur scientists actually believe the Bible pretends to teach science. This is a good deal like assuming that there must be authentic religious dogma in the binomial theorem.

"Nevertheless, a lot of otherwise intelligent and well-educated men do go on believing or at least acting on such a belief. When they find the Bible's scientific references wrong, as they often are, they repudiate it utterly.

"Should a priest reject relativity because it contains no authoritative exposition of the doctrine of the Trinity?"

The Bible, says the Abbé, teaches the way to salvation, and "once you realize that the Bible does not purport to be a textbook of science, the old controversy between religion and science vanishes."

Like Eddington, the Abbé believes that some things are imparted to us by revelation. So strongly is Lemaitre of this opinion, we read, that he is willing to attribute to the prophets all the powers with which they are credited in the Bible.

AND if scientific knowledge were necessary to salvation, he says, it would have been revealed to the writers of the Scriptures, and they would have set it down in their verses:

"For instance, the doctrine of the Trinity is much more abstruse than anything in relativity or quantum mechanics.

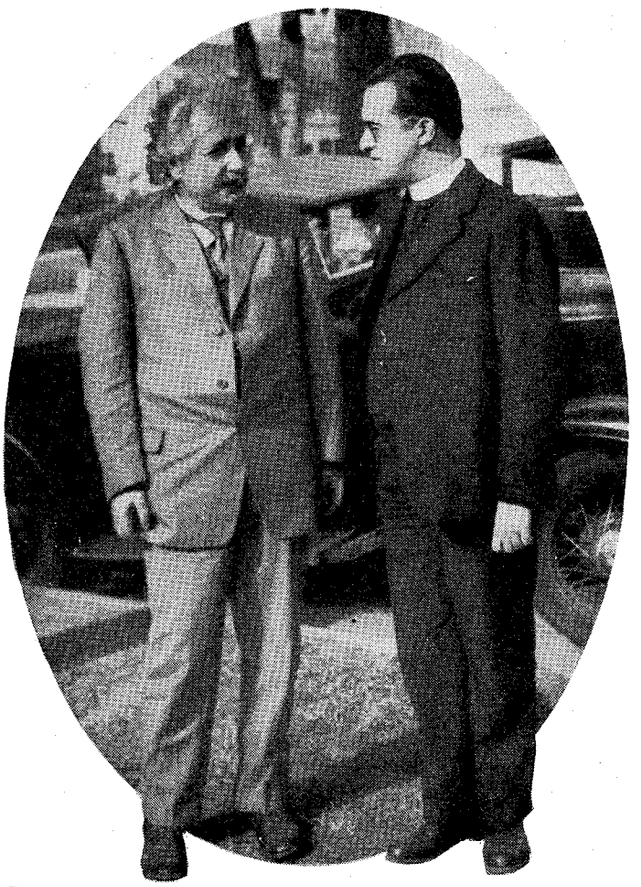
"But, being necessary to salvation, the doctrine is stated in the Bible.

"If the theory of relativity had also been necessary to salvation it would have been revealed to St. Paul or Moses. Even tho handicapped by the lack of a terminology and the necessary equations, all the result of an evolution that has been going on for centuries, either would have made some stumbling effort to expound it.

"As a matter of fact neither St. Paul nor Moses had the slightest idea of relativity.

"The writers of the Bible were illuminated more or less—some more than others—on the question of salvation. On other questions they were as wise or as ignorant as their generation. Hence it is utterly unimportant that errors of historic and scientific fact should be found in the Bible, especially if errors relate to events that were not directly observed by those who wrote about them.

"The idea that because they were right in their doctrine of immortality and salvation they must also be right on all other subjects is simply the fallacy of people who have an incomplete understanding of why the Bible was given to us at all."



Keystone

No, They Are Not Squaring Off

As the former antagonism between science and religion might indicate. On the contrary, these two have great admiration for each other, and Dr. Albert Einstein says Abbé Lemaitre has made the most beautiful explanation of creation he ever heard.

Six years ago Abbé Lemaitre was an obscure professor in the University of Louvain. Then he read a paper that brought the notice of the great Eddington. In that paper the Abbé presented the theory that the universe is expanding like a colossal soap bubble. Einstein, too, views the young priest with profound respect and admiration, which is returned in full, and, we read:

"It was characteristic of Einstein that, after hearing Lemaitre expound his theory of genesis, according to which the universe expanded from a single, massive super-radioactive atom, he rose before a gathering of mathematicians and physicists at Pasadena to say: 'This is the most beautiful and satisfactory explanation of creation to which I have ever listened.'"

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"Smut" Garbed in Rainbows

STRIP THEM OF THEIR LITERARY pretensions, and certain of the best sellers will be shown to have "crawling vermin beneath," declares the Rev. Francis Talbot.

But it is considered a literary sin to condemn them, he acknowledges, and they present a difficult problem to any one who would pitch them into the garbage can.

Father Talbot's wrath is aroused against smut in general, whether it appears in "moronic" novels or in "modern masterpieces."

But in defining the type of book against which he is campaigning specifically in the pages of *America*, a Roman Catholic review of the week, he says there is need to exclude certain other types. These, he contends, "are equally, or even more subtly, indecent than the undisguised smut novels. But, when legal action against them is attempted, they are so protected by alibis that they are as impregnable as a Pennsylvania Republican or an Alabama Democrat."

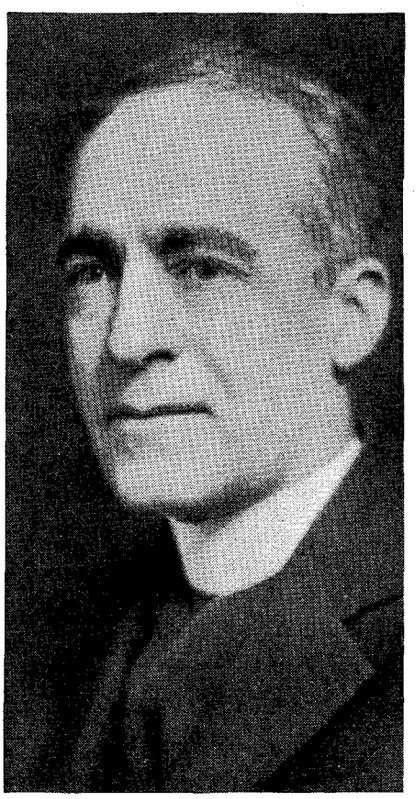
The first of these classes, we read, is the "scientific, reputedly, treatises on sex life and sex living," which, for the most part, are "racket books":

"But they are enveloped in such a sanctimonious sincerity, they are sprinkled with such medical jargon, they so profess to be written for only the sadly married, that they preclude any action against them.

"Another class that slitherarily evades attack, despite indecencies, are quasi-humorous outlines of indecencies through the ages.

"And still another are the amatory curiosa, privately printed, for mature readers and collectors' types of obscene volumes.

"With these may be classed the unexpurgated editions of the classical smut books, the Boccaccios and Rabelaisians. In regard to these, it may be noted that, ordinarily, they are not on lists of the drug-store lending libraries; but they are for sale in many drug-stores, and they crowd out the legitimate drugs in the display windows."



A Crusader Against Smut

The Rev. Francis Talbot, who appeals for action against "viciously harmful books," now being printed "in tens of thousands."

A PROBLEM of a different sort is presented by the best-selling type of books that are objectionable, or objectionable in part, says Father Talbot:

"In this group would be placed 'Ann Vickers' of Sinclair Lewis, and those by Hemingway, Faulkner, and their ilk.

"These novels are vicious in their depths, whereas the others are plainly erotic on their surface; these perfume sin and garb it in rainbows, but the others make it bestial and leave it revolting.

"These are cleverly written, with firm technique and sophisticated style and intelligence, while the others are composed by back-room writers who have graduated with difficulty, one judges, from the grammar-school.

"Against these cleverer books, no legal weapon has been effective. They are upper-case art, they are modern masterpieces, they transcend medieval morality. A word against them is a sin against literature, culture, and civilization.

"Ten times one hundred artists will so assure you, and the District Attorney also, and the judge and jury, and the newspapers, and the magazines, and the whole world. One hundred times a hundred critics will rave against the critic with a moral sense who strips off the art and the literary pretensions and shows the crawling vermin beneath."

The defenses of such books, writes the wrathful priest, are too firmly constructed for successful attack, but he believes that "even the readers of these books and their popularizers would join against the moronic novels of the other class."

Reciting the story of a careful and watchful mother who discovered her daughter in possession of a depraved book obtained from a drug-store, Father Talbot says that this book and a dozen more like it found in the stock of the drug-store are "sex-mad, and the symptoms of the madness and the expression of it are minutely recorded."

These are not rare books, we are told; "they are run off the presses in tens of thousands," and as well printed and bound as other novels.

Eleven publishing houses in and about New York City, asserts Father Talbot, are engaged in issuing books of this type in ever-increasing numbers, and "other publishers, undoubtedly, throughout the country also are reaping returns on this tainted harvest."

THESE "viciously harmful books," it is asserted, "have their largest distribution through the lending libraries of bookstores, of drug-, cigar-, and stationery-stores, and similar places."

While he appeals for action against the authors and publishers of these books, Father Talbot realizes and agrees "with certain district attorneys that it is difficult to secure a conviction in this matter of obscene literature. There are infinite possibilities of quibbling over the definitions of obscenity and other such words," he says. "In many cases, in far too many, the courts have allowed other considerations to be used as a balance against the immorality of the work," such as "literary and artistic skill."

But it does seem perfectly clear to Father Talbot that every fair court in the country would condemn the type of book about which he is writing:

"In the first place, these books are crudely written, with absolutely no pretense at literary charm and with no technical skill. In their contents, they fulfil every definition of the law, being 'obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent, or disgusting.'

"From the manner in which the books are advertised, either in the papers and periodicals or on the dust-covers, from the style in which they are written, and from the details of the narrative, there is left no doubt but that the books fall, again, under the law as 'manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth,' as being of such a nature as 'to deprave and corrupt minds,' as 'being incitements to impure acts.'

"The purpose of the writers and the publishers of these books is manifested in every single chapter. They are fully liable to prosecution. But try to secure a conviction! Anywhere!

"These books and their distribution constitute a problem of prime seriousness. The minds that they poison are too precious to be destroyed so easily. The crimes that they incite are too horrible to be permitted."

"THE Jesuit Father is right," observes the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist). "If the Catholics, Jews, and Methodists who are promoting joint social action in social matters want a subject made to their hand, we recommend that they put first on their program 'The elimination of smut.'"

Meantime, a campaign against obscene books has been started in Brooklyn by Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick, representing the Federation of Catholic Alumnæ. Mrs. McGoldrick has listed thirty or more books on sale by bookshops or rented by circulating libraries which "are remarkable for nothing but their filth," and action, we read in the New York *Times*, has been promised by District Attorney Geoghan.

Mrs. McGoldrick hopes eventually to have circulating libraries put under such supervision as is placed over public libraries, and thus end the distribution of books said to have demoralized children and young men and women.

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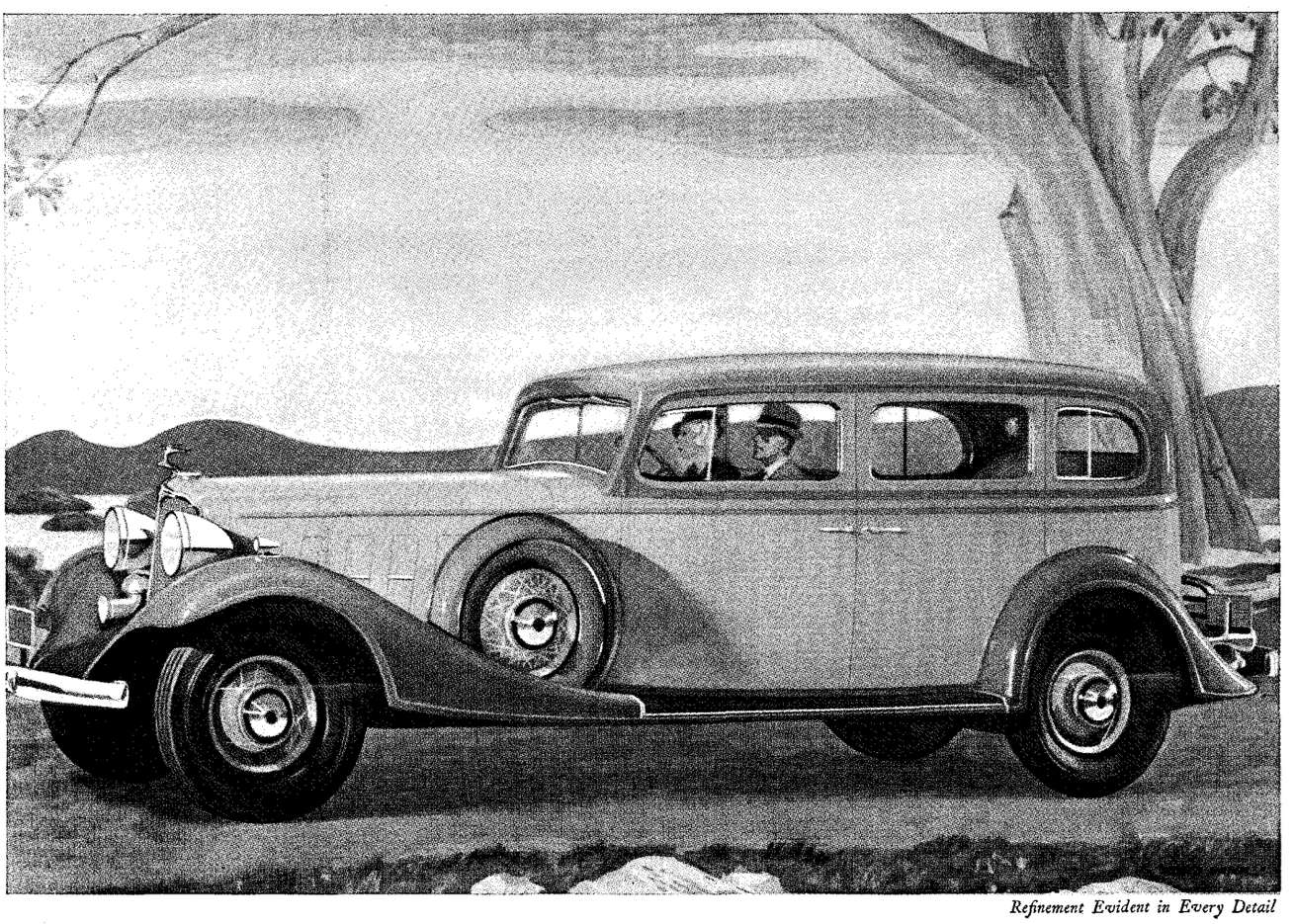
BUICK GIVES MORE AND BETTER MILES



Refinement Evident in Every Detail

These veteran Buick cars supply MILLION-MILE PROOF

"*More and better* miles." Well, that's not hard to believe. *Better* miles? Naturally! The Buicks are all bigger this year—*longer*, for easier riding—and *roomier*. They have Fisher No Draft Ventilation, Individually Controlled. They have automatic shock absorbers—and a new type of frame for greater steadiness. And the interiors are finished as carefully as a fine home. As for the *number* of miles, what can speak more eloquently than Buick records of the past? Many Buicks have given more than 200,000 miles of fine, reliable motoring. Right below are four examples of Buicks with a total of over a million miles. And this year's developments have made the new Buicks even *more* enduring than those famous Buicks of the past. Yes, Buick gives *more* and *better* miles—just what everyone wants when he buys a motor car.

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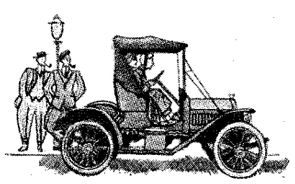
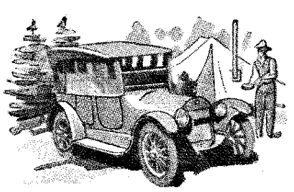
The twenty new Buick body-types are offered at moderate prices on the liberal and convenient G. M. A. C. payment plan. All are Buicks through and through—with new Bodies by Fisher and Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine cushioned in rubber to give smoothness with stability. All are fine, economical motor car investments.

Buick thanks these owners for their kind permission to publish these facts about their cars. We invite you to write us the story of your Buick, telling us of its mileage, travels, unusual performance feats, etc.



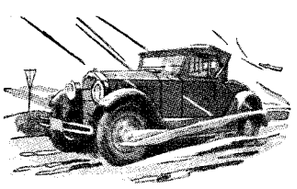
240,000 MILES

1908 Buick Roadster . . . 240,000 miles of service up to January 1933 . . . still running . . . owned by Mr. W. F. Woods, 513 South Main, Belvidere, Ill.



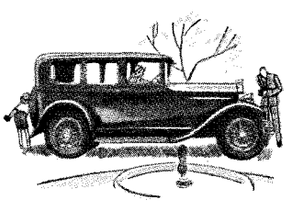
250,000 MILES

1918 Buick Touring Car . . . 250,000 miles of service up to January 1933 . . . still running . . . owned by Mr. Marshall B. Barnard, Fowler, Colo.



217,000 MILES

1924 Buick Roadster . . . over 217,000 miles of service up to January 1933 . . . still running . . . owned by Manitowoc Newspapers, Inc., Manitowoc, Wis.



370,000 MILES

1926 Buick Sedan . . . 370,000 miles of service up to January 1933 . . . still running . . . owned by Mr. John A. Erickson, 727 So. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . BODY BY FISHER

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"Weepy" Hymns Out of Fashion

REMEMBER HOW THE RAFTERS of the old church used to shake when the congregation sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly"?

Well, it's out of fashion now.

The hymns of our grandfathers, and even our fathers, that were full of sin and misery and of "the sentimental, dying sort of thing," are no longer being sung in churches, "except in the backwoods."

So declares Harold V. Milligan, organist and choirmaster of Riverside Church, New York, the church of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and the Rockefeller family. It overlooks the broad Hudson, and is some distance from the forest primeval and the "hick" towns and villages sidestept in the march of progress. There the old hymns still suffice.

But the "weepy" ones, and the "bloodthirsty," too, are being supplanted, says Mr. Milligan, by hymns full of confidence and faith, and stressing the idea of world brotherhood.

MR. MILLIGAN, who has been a church organist for thirty years, starting when he was twelve, has compiled a list of ninety-four anthems favored by modern church audiences. They range, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune*, from classics by Bach and Palestrina to Negro spirituals, from Russian ones to selections by the modern young English composers, who, he says, are greatly influencing church music in this country, as well as in England. As *The Herald Tribune* quotes him, Mr. Milligan goes on:

"Most of the hymns that were being used even when I was a boy were all about what poor, miserable sinners we were and how much happier we'd be when we were dead. I remember one phrase, 'Such a worm as I.' 'Come, ye disconsolate, wheresoe'er ye languish,' was another. 'Jesus, lover of my soul' was pretty bad, tho it's still sung. It's a type of that sentimental, dying sort of thing, emphasizing death and misery. These hymns were sung badly, too, because they whined.

"In enlightened communities now they've thrown out all that sort of thing—they're just left out of the hymn-books. You have to get an old hymn-book to find one.

"Modern hymns are full of confidence and faith, and less of the misery idea. We're getting more and more hymns by men like Chesterton, Kipling, and Henry van Dyke about world brotherhood, peace and good-will. The most striking feature of modern hymns is their emphasis on world brotherhood.

"Sometimes you find beautiful music coupled with inappropriate and unsuitable texts—bloodthirsty and vindictive verses from the Old Testament, lugubrious hymns from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, dogmatic theological references from bygone days. At Riverside Church we don't hesitate to make such alterations in the text as seem justified and not too drastic.

"For instance, in Willan's 'In the Name of Our God' the line, 'For it is He that shall tread down our enemies,' is changed to 'For it is He that will help us.' In Bairstow's 'Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence' the line 'He cometh forth to be an oblation and to be given as food to the faithful' is altered to 'He cometh forth to be our Redeemer and to give light to the faithful.' This leaving out bloodthirsty stuff is the modern trend."

The six Negro spirituals on his list, which Mr. Milligan says are very popular with church audiences, include "Hear de Lambs," "My Lord, What a Mornin'," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Churchgoers, he says, also like the "vitality and interest of good Russian music." On his list are eleven anthems set to music by Tschaikovsky, Arensky, Gretchaninoff, Rachmaninof, Bortniansky, and Balakireff.

Another choir director, Warner M. Hawkins, of the Madison Avenue Methodist Church, finds Mr. Milligan's view-point very refreshing.

"Apart from the literary value of these hymns," he writes in a letter to *The Herald Tribune*, "something might be said on the musical side and here much more credit might be given modern composers. The writers of hymns and anthems of several decades ago," he goes on, "took sources of inspiration (musically) often from operatic and the pathetic ballad types. The effect of this music is sentimental and saccharin; and while it is perhaps obviously pleasant to many ears, it can scarcely stir the man better informed in musical values or who wants the music he hears to reflect the message that his religion brings."

BUT the hymns which Mr. Milligan criticizes find a firm friend in the Rev. Harry L. Bowlby, secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance. In a letter to *The Herald Tribune* he recalls once hearing a prison choir in which there were four murderesses sing "Alas and Did My Saviour Bleed," and goes on:

"It is one of the greatest hymns, despite the fact that Mr. Milligan objects to 'Such a worm as I' in the first verse. It reveals the sinner in his true condition before a just and holy and merciful God. It is found in 'The Presbyterian Hymnal,' 1930, 'Vesper Chimes,' 1931, and other denominational books of praise and worship.

"'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' written by Charles Wesley in 1740, still rules a favorite. Every hymn-book I examined published in 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, contained this hymn, which has been used to sing many a soul into the life everlasting.

"'Come, Ye Disconsolate.' What a hymn for times like these! In a day when so many hearts are wounded, in an age when penitence is so sorely needed and Grecian beauty and Spinoza philosophy are no balm in Gilead for the vexed souls of men, when foundations materialistic are crumbling and cocksure economic safety has tumbled down the mountainside under the shocks of a three years' succession of earthquakes, what a comforting power in its lines."

"THE point Mr. Milligan is trying to make may be sound in general—altho even here there is room for argument—but his illustrations are not felicitous," says the New York *Sun*. There may be a residue of forgotten men and women who still have occasion for heartache. "It may be that to some of these, bowed down with sorrow, beaten, battered and badgered by life, the words of the old hymn still come with healing:

"'Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust in Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!'

"Testimony of choirmasters to the contrary notwithstanding, a remnant may be left in Zion which does not consider this as a sentimental, dying sort of thing. Often enough it has been sung by untutored congregations with voices that were not melodious, often enough with suggestion of a whine.

"But such is the perversity of every-day human nature that there are living ears which can imagine no greater joy than that which could come from hearing it sung again by lips that long have been silent."

Credo

By Karl M. Chworowsky

IF GOD exists—and I believe He must,
Shall I not find Him in the silence white
Of time-worn stars a-tremble through the night
And in the lowly things of earth and dust?

If God exists—and dare I say Him nay?
Will He not speak through every common hour
A syllable of beauty and of power
And fill with haunting echoes every day?

If God exists—Help Thou my unbelief!
I too shall find Him where a brother's face,
Lust-scarred and dull, reveals a finer grace;
Did He not speak His promise to a thief?

If God exists—O blessed faith and true,
I've found Him in the radiant soul of You!

—*The Christian Century, Chicago*

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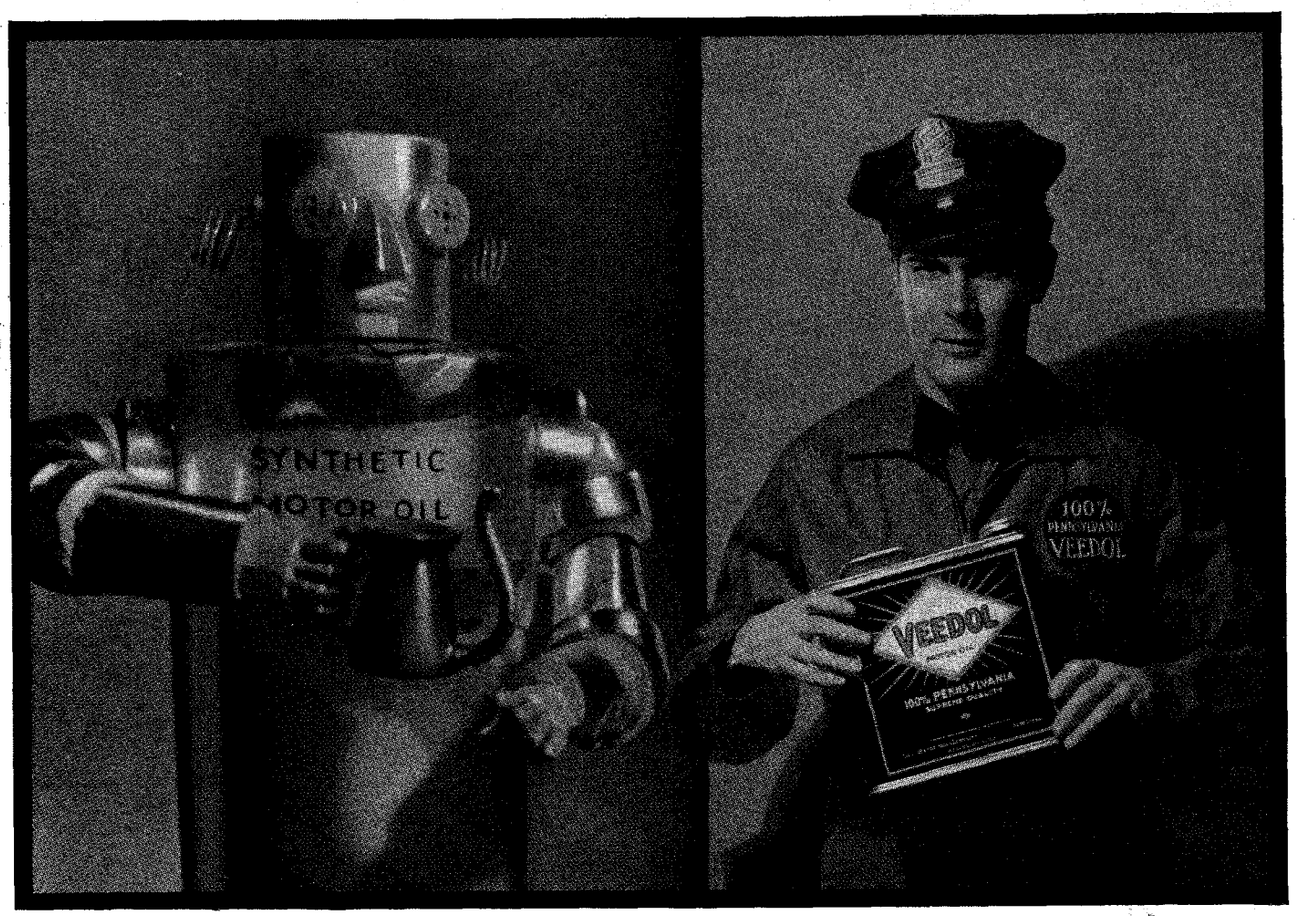
Technocracy cannot make a motor oil to equal Pennsylvania's best!



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Yet cheap crude oils from anywhere and everywhere are being combined and treated. And the synthetic result is being widely offered to motorists.

Remember that no mechanical processes—no matter how clever—can reproduce a rainbow or a sunset.

Remember that Nature gave Pennsylvania oil the greatest resistance to heat . . . the richest and toughest body . . . the natural ability to lubricate every part of your motor—under any conditions . . . And the machine-made products of the technocrats have yet to meet its challenge.

Change today to VEEDOL—100% Pennsylvania *at its finest.* Only the choicest of the world-famous Bradford, Pa., crudes are used for VEEDOL. And with a new process costing $2,000,000 . . . these crudes are refined to a new strength . . . a greater purity . . . a longer life . . . to give you more economy in the operation of your car.

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There are special grades of VEEDOL oils and greases for your motor, transmission, rear axle and chassis.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

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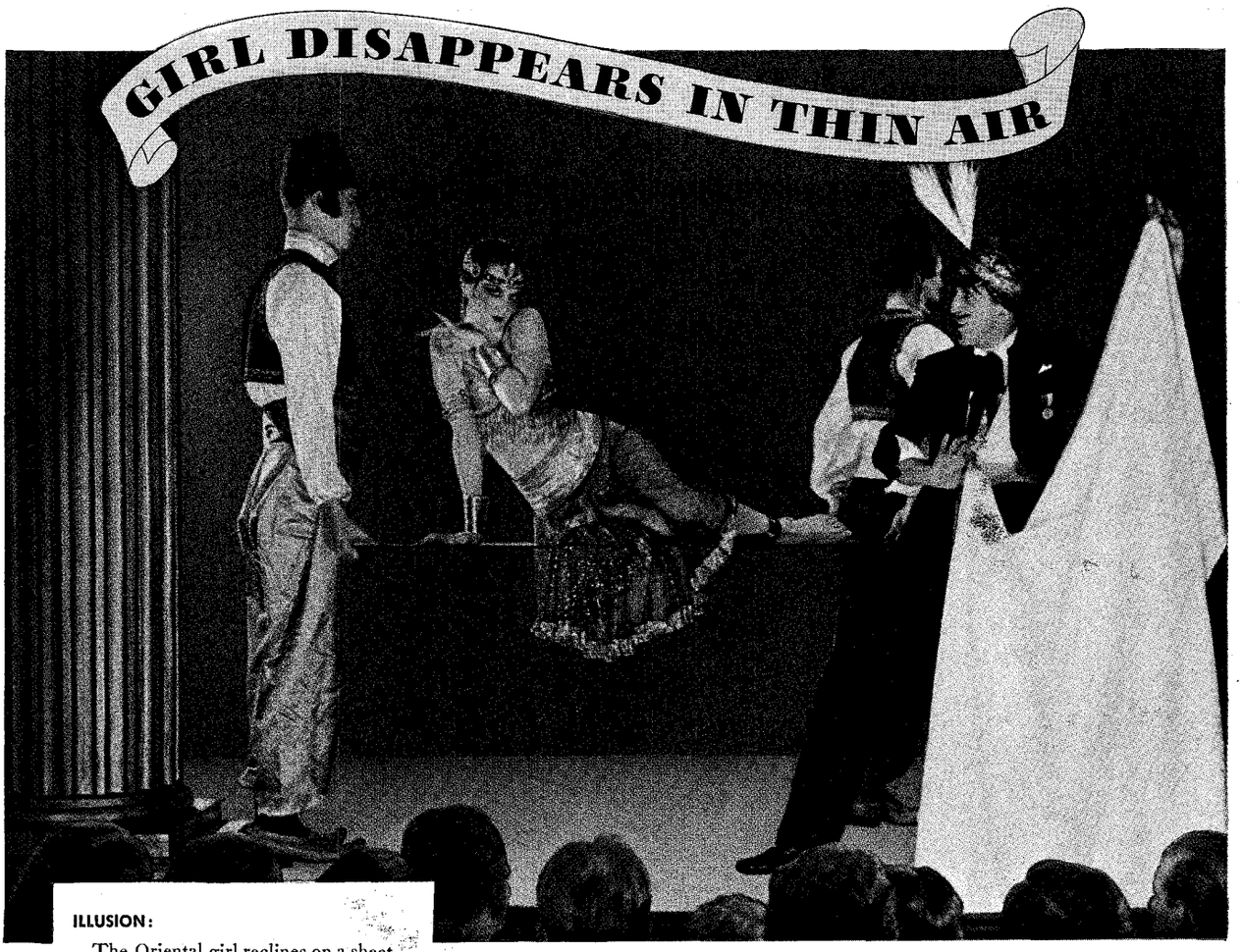

ILLUSION:

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet... pronounces a few magic words... Presto! She has *disappeared* in thin air.

EXPLANATION:

One of the "slaves" is a *hollow dummy*. When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness."

EXPLANATION: Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly ... smoke cooler. *Dried-out* cigarettes taste *hot*.

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight *welded* Humidor Pack ... and because they contain *better tobaccos*.

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a *fresh* cigarette, made from *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Smoke Camels...give your taste a chance to sense the difference.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Your CAMELS *are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.*

No Tricks — just Costlier Tobaccos

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

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German Bogs Tell Secrets of the Past

A FAVORITE FORM OF EXECUTION in the "good old times" was to sink the victim in a swamp.

If the executioner was kind-hearted, he sometimes gave the victim a clout on the head to make him unconscious of his living burial, or thrust a merciful knife between his ribs.

Old folk-tales tell of these ways and manners of our simple and forthright forefathers, but the bogs themselves are now yielding up not only the bodies, but the very clothing, shoes, hats, ornaments, etc., that were buried with them..

Not all the bodies were of those who were executed, for the soft swamps were easy and convenient burying grounds, and some of the graves were lined with moss by loving hands.

The preservative virtues of peat swamps have long been known. It is in parts of Germany that the bodies and clothing of men who lived early in the Christian era are being recovered from these bogs. What they tell of the life and habits of the primitive German tribes is disclosed by Dr. K. H. Jacob-Friesen, of the provincial museum at Hanover, writing in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart):

"After Lower Germany had become clear of glacial ice, marshes formed across wide areas. At present they are often drained to obtain peat. In western Lower Germany, peculiar finds of primitive ages, the so-called *Moorleichen* (bog corpses) are occasionally found. These are nude or clothed bodies which, sunk in the bog centuries ago, have been preserved and now resemble either mummies or skeletons.

"The practise of peat-cutting is only two to three hundred years old, and the earliest authentic discovery of a bog corpse was made in the district of Zeven, Hanover, in 1754. The significance of the bog corpses in the history of civilization was then unknown.

"In the last decade, there have been recorded discoveries of fifty bog corpses, eight dress bundles, and thirty-five shoes.

"The state of preservation of the bog corpses varies greatly. Sometimes there is tanning of the connective tissue with only the skin and hair preserved, while the albuminous soft parts, especially the muscles, and also the bones, have been dissolved by the bog acids; while sometimes only the skeleton remains, with destruction of nearly all other parts of the body.

"We are accustomed to think of ancient Germanic costumes as rich and ornate. Clothing found on or near the bog corpses is, on the contrary, rather simple. Not all bog corpses were clad; some were nude, others only partly so, and a few rather fully drest. The upper part of the body, in the case of a man, was covered with a blouselike shirt which either had only armholes, or had long sleeves. In most cases, the lower part of the body and legs were protected by breeches, held by a belt. A body found at Bernuthsfeld wore leg-wraps like wrapping gaiters, while the lower part of the body was apparently protected by a skirtlike shawl in the manner of the Scotch kilt. Trousers of ankle-length were found only in Schleswig-Holstein. The feet were shod with sandals cut from one piece of leather, frequently still covered with hair, and sometimes decorated with scallops. In most cases the head-gear was missing, but a cap of long-haired goatskin was found close by in one case. A large square cloth, often trimmed with fringe, served as a cloak. Of the garb of women much less is known. In the case of one from a moor near Jellinge, only a short cloak, made of hide, a woolen twill shawl, and a thick woolen cord in the hair could be identified. Perhaps she had worn garments made of materials that dissolved completely in the bog acids."

Reconstruction

Of a bog victim, as he may have looked in life.

THE textiles that are still extant are almost exclusively of wool. Sometimes it was spun fine, sometimes twisted so smoothly and strongly that it shines like silk, sometimes loose, but never uneven or knotty. The warp threads are twisted toward one side while those of the weft are twisted toward the other side, which made the fabric stronger. We thus have a real "sample-card" of early Germanic weaves, including linen two-ply fabrics, rectilinear twill and zigzag twill, zigzag and striped drill. The woven edges are often put on artistically: the bindings in small dice-pattern weave and the fringe in a knotted design (Macramé work). In spite of the probably simple looms, fabrics of a width up to nearly two yards could be woven. To quote again:

"The women of that time were also skilled in sewing and mending; they hemmed edges and bound sections with festoon and buttonhole stitching. In Obenaltendorf two small silver cases were found, which belong perhaps to the second century A.D. At Corselitze were found a dress clasp of bronze and seven colored pearls, with two pearls of mosaic among them, which indicates that the time was about 300 A.D. We may attribute the bog corpses to this period in general.

"How did these unfortunates get into the moor? Either they had met with an accident, or they were buried, or else they were forcibly sunk. Against the assumption of accident may be cited the great number of female corpses. Women probably wandered, but rarely without an escort, in the wilderness of the bog.

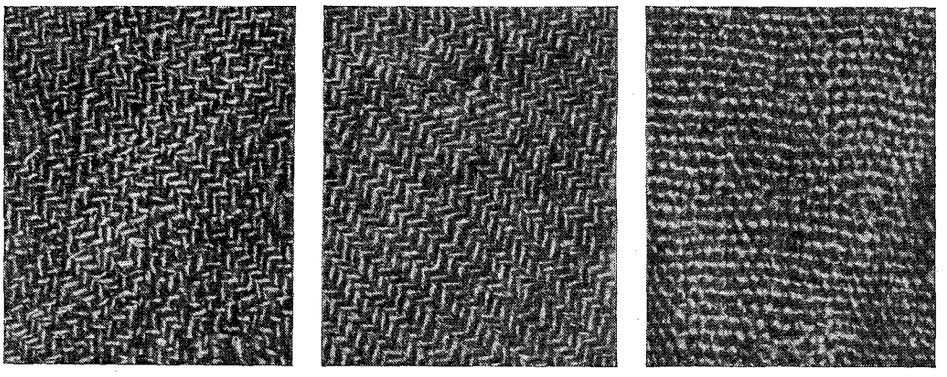
"The fact that the bog corpse of Bernuthsfeld was found in a grave lined with moss may point to a burial, but this case is isolated. Hence there remains only the hypothesis of forcible submersion.

"Evidence of the death penalty by submersion in a bog is found in the 'Germania' of Tacitus and in the 'Gudrun-Lied.'

"The Elder Edda relates that a slanderous maid-servant named Herkia was punished by being sunk in a bog.

"No one has misery seen who saw not that,
How the hand there of Herkia was burnt.
They then the woman led to a foul slough.

"Proof of the violent submersion of many bog corpses are



Germanic Cloths of 300 A. D. Found on the Bog Bodies

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stakes which cross over the corpses. J. Mestorf explains skull injuries and stabs in the cardiac region, which have been accepted by some as evidence of murder, by the suggestion that, by making the criminals unconscious by means of a blow on the head or a stab in the heart, the executioners may have wished to spare the criminals the torture of slow death. Thus, even tho we admit accidents or murders, the majority of the bodies indicate a legal custom of certain tribes of the Northwest Germans, Frisians, Chauci, Saxons, Angles, and Danes."

1932: Best Health Year

IN NO PREVIOUS YEAR has the health record of the industrial populations of the United States and Canada equaled that of 1932.

This is clearly indicated by the mortality of the many millions of industrial policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Their death-rate for the year was at the unprecedented figure of 8.34 per 1,000 living, at ages one and over—lower by a narrow margin than the previous minimum of 8.37, registered in 1930. Says the company's *Statistical Bulletin* (New York):

"New minima were recorded for nine important causes of death, namely, typhoid fever, measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria, pneumonia, tuberculosis, diarrheal diseases, conditions incidental to pregnancy and childbirth, and accidents.

"Furthermore, among the various types of accidental death, new minima were recorded for accidental burns, machinery accidents, and drownings.

"It is safe to say that the death-rate of the general population, in 1932, was also at a new low point. For, the mortality-rate of this large group of insured persons has always proved to be an accurate index of health conditions in the general population—both in the United States and Canada—the mortality statistics for which do not become available until approximately one year after it is possible to publish the figures for the insured group.

"The extremely low death-rate of 1932 is all the more remarkable in view of the unfavorable economic conditions which prevailed throughout the year, and which seriously affected living standards of industrial wage-earners and their dependents.

"With more of them unemployed than ever before, faced with the worries and perplexities which unemployment brings, their health has been altogether phenomenally good.

"What factors, then, have operated to turn the worst year of the worst depression in a generation into the best health year of all time? Into the best health year of all sections of the United States, and in Canada? The best for both the white people and the colored? The year with new low death-rates for nine causes of death of major public health interest?"

OF foremost importance, we are told, is the almost entire freedom of 1932 from serious epidemics. Up to near the end of the year, when influenza became wide-spread, there was no general prevalence of any epidemic disease. Again, weather conditions were good; and many people spent more than the usual proportion of their time out of doors. We read further:

"The depression, unquestionably, has curbed overeating and overdrinking. Then, too, there have been fewer deaths chargeable to motor-vehicle traffic, because there has been less such traffic. Accidents in industry, as well, have been fewer as the inevitable outcome of the curtailment both of employees and hours of work in industrial establishments.

"The people, then, altho against their will, had more leisure last year than ever before—and more out-of-door life. All of these factors, together, have evidently more than counterbalanced the adverse effects of the worry incidental to unemployment and difficult circumstances.

"But perhaps more than any other single factor, the protection given by the effective functioning of the health departments, the clinics, by the generous treatment from physicians, and by splendidly organized relief work has operated to conserve life and health. The work of our social agencies has brought to a very small item the number of persons and of families who have suffered from actual hunger or from lack of clothing or shelter.

"It is obvious, then, that whatever other economies have to be effected in view of the current economic upheaval, there must be no further radical curtailment of the support required to permit the adequate functioning of the health departments, the hospitals, the medical clinics, and the social agencies. It is hoped that no further cuts will be made, because they will present a serious threat to the preservation of the public health."

Supplementary Motor Fuels

A PLAN IS ON FOOT in Washington to make alcohol from surplus farm products and mix it with gasoline for motor fuel.

It "has real possibilities for farm aid which would cost the Federal Treasury nothing," we are told.

Substitutes for petroleum motor fuels are widely used in many European countries and in Japan.

Of such fuels alcohol is one of the most important.

In some countries the use of alcohol in mixtures with gasoline is required by government decree. Only in these countries are appreciable amounts of alcohol used as a motor fuel. Says a writer in *The Index*, issued by the New York Trust Company:

"The reasons for this include the higher thermal efficiency of gasoline, its advantage in easy starting, and its relatively lower cost. The alcohol blends tend to separate, especially in cold weather; they require fine carburetor adjustments, and they are not interchangeable with gasoline.

"In Germany the mounting stocks of alcohol in recent years constituted a serious problem. New outlets for alcohol were sought to help the distillers and, indirectly, the farmer.

"The German Government decreed in August, 1930, that alcohol was to be purchased from the German Federal Alcohol Monopoly by importers and manufacturers at the rate of 2½ per cent. of the net weight of all gasoline purchased. Since then, this percentage has reached 6 per cent. Most of the alcohol so purchased is mixed with gasoline used as motor fuel.

"A 'carburant national' is marketed in France through a governmental agency as a means of consuming some of the surplus alcohol production. It is composed of 50 per cent. alcohol and 50 per cent. gasoline, and is used largely by government departments and bus services in Paris.

"Alcohol can be made cheaply from waste materials. Consequently, in many South and Central American countries, it has been used in greater or lesser amounts as a motor fuel. In South American countries producing petroleum but no alcohol, little or no alcohol is so used.

"Sixteen countries use benzol in amounts varying from Germany's 2,301,600 barrels to Turkey's sixty-two barrels a year. Some benzol is used as a fuel by itself and it is also a constituent of blended fuels.

"It is estimated that approximately 2,000,000 barrels of blended motor fuels were sold in the United Kingdom in one year. In these blends gasoline and benzol are the principal constituents.

"In France at least five different trademarked blends are on the market, containing from 2 to 30 per cent. benzol.

"Practically all the motor fuel sold in Belgium consists of a mixture of 6 per cent. benzol and 94 per cent. gasoline.

"It should be noted that benzol and other substitutes for gasoline are not produced primarily as motor fuels, and that any considerable increase in their use would, under present conditions of production, cause an increase in price."

EXPERIMENTAL work of vast potentialities, the writer adds, has been conducted abroad for several years in the production of high quality motor fuels from low quality raw materials, such as coal, lignite, and petroleum itself. In 1930 about 25 per cent. of Germany's total output of gasoline was reported to have been produced by the hydrogenation of lignite tar, and in 1931 the process was applied to domestic crude petroleum. He goes on:

"The hydrogenation process has been applied in the United States by German and American interests in collaboration, and promises to be of primary importance. As yet, there has been no great commercial development, as the cost of producing motor fuel from coal is considerably higher than the present price of gasoline.

"Low prices for gasoline are believed to have helped to prevent a more rapid increase in the development and consumption of these supplementary motor fuels. Their use often necessitates minor changes in design and construction of motors. Benzol blends are said to present few operating difficulties, but alcohol requires increase in compression, changes in carburetor adjustment, and greater heat.

"At the present time, available petroleum reserves and low gasoline prices do not warrant a demand for change. In the long term future, however, unless important new oil reserves are discovered, competent authorities state that the known supplies will be greatly diminished with a consequent increase in prices. Should this occur, the movement to develop substitute and supplementary motor fuels will be greatly accelerated."

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Never before such a car in the LOW PRICE FIELD

and even now there is only ONE . . . *and that one is* PONTIAC—*the Economy Straight Eight*

The 2-door Sedan, $635, f. o. b. Pontiac. Special Equipment Extra.

$585 *And Up—f. o. b. Pontiac. Easy G. M. A. C. Terms*
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

● Sooner or later you'll buy a Straight Eight—why not buy it now, when you can get a Pontiac Economy Straight 8 for only $585 and up, f. o. b. Pontiac? But that's not all. It's not only easy to buy—it's easy to own. For this Straight 8 is so finely engineered and built that it gives you the performance and power for which Straight Eights are famous, with the operating economy that makes it a truly economical car to own.

Up to now there wasn't any such car in the low price field. But there is one there now—and what a car—and you don't have to pay a premium to own and run it. A big Pontiac Economy Straight 8—115-inch wheelbase; 3265* pounds of real weight; a 77-horsepower motor that gives you 78 actual miles per hour.

Women are delighted with Pontiac's roomy, comfortable interiors, beautiful new Fisher bodies and the new *Fisher No Draft Ventilation (individually controlled)*—the first real development in closed car comfort and safety since closed bodies were first designed.

Pontiac has the big car comfort and performance that you've always wanted. Why not get it? Why shop, when you've known for years what you want—and know, before shopping, that Pontiac—the Economy Straight Eight—is the car that gives you more for your money than any other car at or near its price.

**Curb weight of the 4-door Sedan*

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THE editor of this page would welcome a brief statement from its readers as to the poems quoted here which they like best.

A DELICATE fancy is here exprest with a felicity worthy of its theme. In *Neophyte* (St. Louis):

FINGERS OF THE WIND

BY ALMA L. GRAY

The fingers of the wind are long and slender;
They sweep across the harps of beaded grain,
Plucking the golden strings until a tender,
Infinitely low and sweet refrain
Echoes across the hills and meadow grasses;
The soul of summer trembles, then the rain
Trickles between the sheaves—the summer passes—
The fingers of the wind are still again.

The autumn has no lutes for gentle singing,
Its cadences are loud and full and strong,
Blaring across the sky where geese are winging
Their southward course, drowning the wraith of song
That hovers near; and dead leaves strike the clinging
Wind fingers from ghost harps where they belong.

THIS might be William Faulkner in one of his milder moods. The picture is true enough, and the moral for you to decide. In *Scribner's:*

OLD MEN ON THE BLUE

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I know a barn in Breckenridge on the Blue,
In Summit County, Colorado, where
A Ford transmission rots upon the wall
Beside an ox-yoke. You can stand inside
The barn and peer like a pack-rat through the logs
And see how summertime looks outdoors, and see
A sleigh with hare-bells ringing under it,
And snowy yarrow drifting over the runners.

How high the mountains are behind the barn
Along toward evening nobody seems to know,
And nobody seems to know how blue they are,
Not even the old men sitting all day long
On a ledge in the shade in front of the general store;
But they watch the gasoline go up and down
In the big glass pump where the white-faced people stop
Who are crossing the Rocky Mountains.

They watch the white-faced people crawl away
Into the hackled fractures of the peaks,
Up where the Mississippi River ends
And the bodies of the frozen dragonflies
Begin to float to the Gulf of California.

The mountain ranges in the evening fill
The sockets of the old men's eyes with blue,
And some of their cheeks are lavender and lilac.
One long day after sunset sunlight poured
Out of the east, from an amber thunderhead,
To make their cheek-bones shine like yellow gold.

The old men do not speak while the pump is running,
But when you drive away you can hear their voices,
Like sounds you hear alone at night in a canyon
When pieces of blackness clatter on pieces of water,
And you think if you didn't have the car in low,
You could overhear what the mountains have never told you.

At night the old men sleep in houses that
Will always have geraniums in the windows.

FILIAL piety could hardly seek a finer expression than here in *The Forum* (New York):

THE SECRET HEART

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Across the years he could recall
His father one way best of all.

In the stillest hour of night
The boy awakened to the light.

Half in dreams, he saw his sire
With his great hands full of fire.

The man had struck a match to see
If his son slept peacefully.

He held his palms each side the spark
His love had kindled in the dark.

His two hands were curved apart
In the semblance of a heart.

He wore, it seemed to his small son,
A bare heart on his hidden one.

A heart that gave out such a glow
No son awake could bear to know.

It showed a look upon a face
Too tender for the day to trace.

One instant, it lit all about,
And then the secret heart went out.

But it shone long enough for one
To know that hands held up the sun.

THE newest poetry magazine (of eight pages) to reach us is *Shards* (Augusta, Ga.), which announces that it "does not print names—but poetry." The following received its first prize, and seems worthy of recognition:

HERMES
BY A CRIPPLED BEGGAR

BY H. R. NICHOLSON

I crouch and grovel on the temple steps
And watch the white-robed throng go slowly by.
They scan my curst deformity with harden'd eye
And toss me coins from a careless hand.
I crawl and creep—The least of them can stand.

The god they worship is a stripling youth
As straight as any arrow's piercing flight,
With limbs and body symbolizing might.
O Hermes, Lord of clean and healthful things,
My feet are warp'd and heavy—Yours have wings.

What is my sin that I should be a beast
With twisted back, and tortured, twisted hands?
Your sinewy slimness on the altar stands
As sapling tree against the dusk-dim'd sky.
I drag my painful way—You fly. *You fly!*

SCENES like the following antedate even the depression. Man's ruthlessness with nature has been universal. In *The American Poetry Magazine* (Milwaukee):

TRAGEDY

BY ANN PERRY

Last year I saw a pompous man,
Strutting and puffing his pride;
"We're going to build a city here,
That will mark the country's stride."

I saw great eucalyptus trees,
Standing row on row,
Tossing and writhing in agony,
At what they sensed below.

Pleading with dumb and striken lips,
For life and a chance to grow.

Again I chanced to pass that way;
Like corpses, stript and bare,
The trees lay prone.
Across the sands
Gray dust swirls settled there.

THE opening pages of the January-February *Versecraft* (Emory University, Ga.), are devoted to Clinton Scollard, the poet who died last November. We are told that he "has to his credit nearly fifty volumes of verse" besides novels and travel books. Poe was Scollard's admiration, and *Versecraft* gives us this:

A BALLAD OF BALTIMORE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

It was the dark and deep of night,
The air was sharp and frore,
When forth I fared to walk alone
The streets of Baltimore.

Like battlements the walls stood up
With here and there a spire,
And Vega shining overhead
With its celestial fire.

Onward I went without intent
When softly, suddenly,
From a stark doorway slipped a man
Who fell in stride with me.

"I am a lonely soul," he said,
And you—you walk alone;
Let us awhile together tread
These empty aisles of stone."

I looked into unfathomed eyes
Where dwelt strange mysteries;
His cloaked form was erect and spare;
A noble brow was his.

His voice was as the sound of seas
Upon a far off shore;
He strode as with an airy ease
The streets of Baltimore.

He spoke as though within a trance
Of mystic, eldritch things;
Above our heads I sensed the sweep
And swoop of raven's wings.

At last we reached a narrow place
Where deeper shadows fell,
And as we paused a little space
Intoned a midnight bell.

I heard a sharp intake of breath;
The form before me there
As at a sign none might divine
Dissolved into the air.

And with the last stroke of the bell,
Its dipping, dying stave,
Within a walled God's-acre plot
I saw a sunken grave.

Then in that hushed and haunted hour
'Twas given me to know
I had companioned down the night
The wraith of Edgar Poe.

IF Lenin had no doubt of his creed, Lenin's spirit is now not so sure. Or that is what this writer ventures in *The Spectator* (London):

THE RED SQUARE, MOSCOW
(Lenin Loquitur)

BY R. V. V.

I used this life for what it is
—A field for economic strife.
I knew there was no second life.
And there is nothing that I miss.
What would I ask for, more than this?
I took Reality to wife.
She gave me what I asked,—a knife
Whose edge was sweeter than a kiss.
Faith dropped, I played for Truth instead;
Fancy I told to disappear.
(Deal the cards well, when you begin;
The hand that holds the trumps will win.)
Has Fancy gone? or is she here?
Folk come to look upon me, dead.

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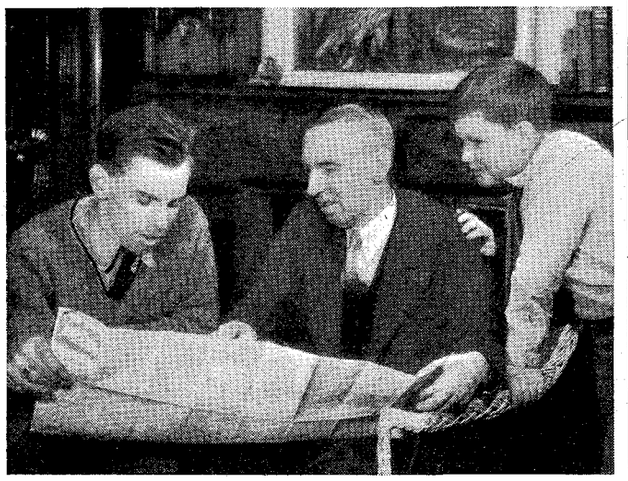
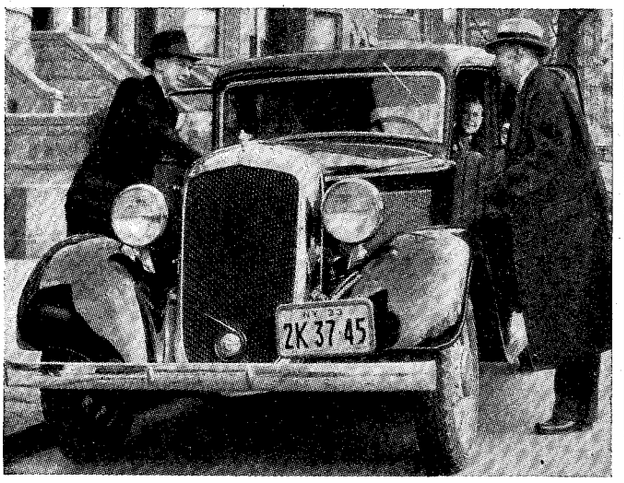
"We couldn't afford a Gas Eater!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD H. BORDEN (EX-FIRE CAPTAIN), BROOKLYN, N. Y.

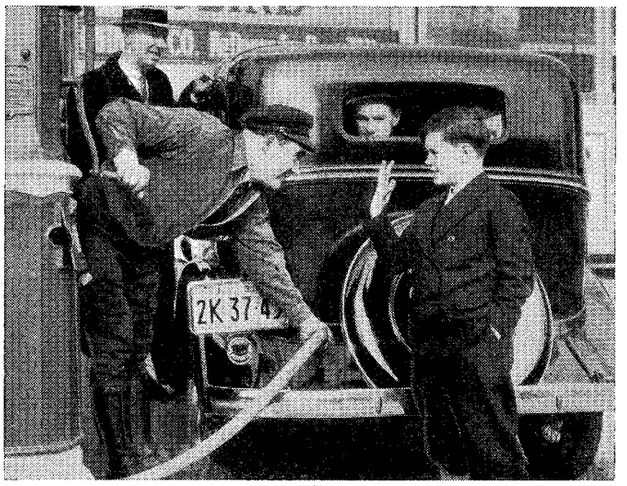


"Planning a long trip, we looked at cars and asked our friends about mileage. Plymouth owners sure did rave."

"Plymouth's looks and snappy performance won us heart and soul, and its economy sounded good, so I signed up."



"What a thrill that car gave us. We were anxious to go places, so we took a little practice 'spin' down to Florida."



"The car sure does burn up the roads, but it burns darn little gas. That jaunt to Florida was certainly a pleasure trip."

"We picked Plymouth because it's the most economical to run"

TALK to *any* Plymouth owner. Ask him how far a gallon of gas takes him. Ask if he's ever had the "head" off the motor for repairs.

The best advertising Plymouth gets is the "talk" of satisfied owners. If *we* said the things *they* do about Floating Power engine mountings . . . safety-steel bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . and 70 h. p. "pep", you might think we were exaggerating.

So we just let the owners . . . and the car itself . . . do the talking! In 15 minutes behind the wheel you can learn things about Floating Power, hydraulic brakes, and Plymouth nimbleness that a dozen ads won't tell you.

Frankly, we don't *have* to do much "selling" to folks who take a 15-minute ride in the new Plymouth!

We invite you to ride in the new Plymouth, whether you're in the market or not. In fact . . . we urge you to look at *all three* low-priced cars before you buy any.

NEW PRICES—4-DOOR SEDAN NOW $90 LESS

4-door Sedan $545, Convertible Coupe $565, Rumble Seat Coupe $525, Business Coupe $495, prices f. o. b. factory. Convenient terms. Low delivered prices. Optional, automatic clutch $8.

PLYMOUTH SIX $495 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY • SOLD BY 7,355 DESOTO, DODGE & CHRYSLER DEALERS

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Dawdling Along Daytona Beach

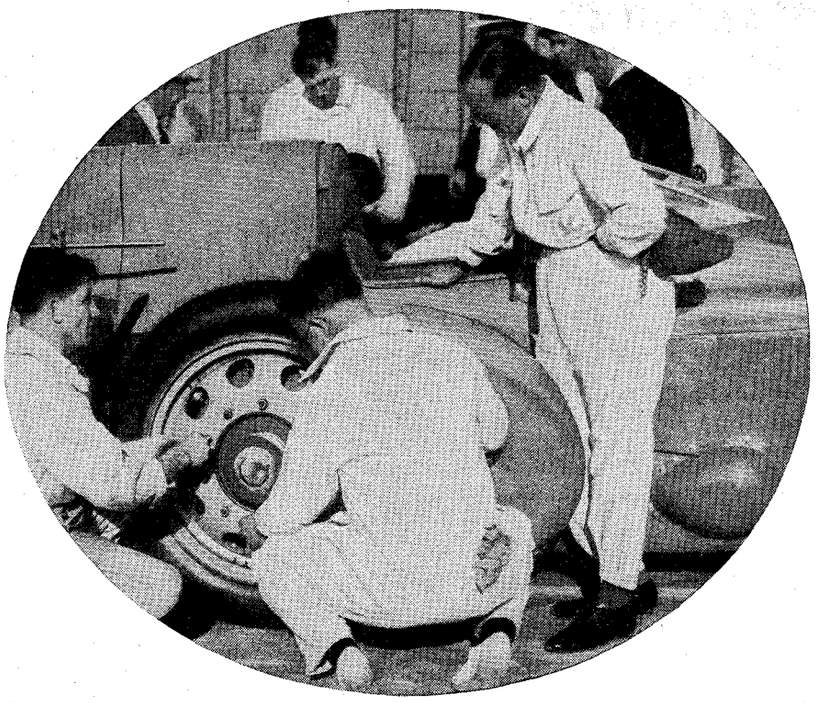
CURSE THE LUCK—ONLY 272 MILES AN HOUR!

And he had set his heart on at least 285.

Scorching the beach at the highest speed ever attained by a human in an automobile, Sir Malcolm Campbell wound up his record-shattering plunge in a fit of disappointment.

"The worst ride I ever had in my life," he said.

Here he had been hitting an engine speed of more than 300 miles an hour, but when the car left the ground, as it frequently did, the wheels spun helplessly in the air till they hit again.



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Tires Are Changed After Sir Malcolm Taxies to the Beach

Only four and one-half miles a minute, instead of the five he aimed at. To cover a mile it had taken him more than thirteen seconds. "Ah, well," he said, "some other time."

But, disappointed or not, he did have a new record, this daredevil Briton who has formed the habit of setting new speed marks on the beach at Daytona, Florida. Adverse conditions had not robbed him of that. And he had given the world another thrill.

The course was bumpy and littered with shells. The mist cut visibility where split seconds mean life or death. The great four-and-one-half-ton car, the *Bluebird*, swerved in giddy swoops, first toward the sand-dunes, then toward the surf. To cap it all, Campbell was driving with one hand, for he had sprained his left arm the week before.

"I just had to guess and trust to luck," he told a reporter for the Associated Press. As he described it:

The beach was so rough that on several occasions I thought I was gone. If the car had not responded to control so magnificently, I should have landed either in the sand-dunes or in the ocean.

On my first run, my tachometer, or engine-speed indicator, showed I was doing 330 miles an hour, but the course was so rough my wheels were spinning almost constantly, so my actual forward speed was reduced greatly.

The visibility was very, very bad. First I was heading for the sand-dunes, and the next instant I was heading for the sea. The car was shaking all over the course.

From the very start, my arm was hurting me badly. It was all I could do to shift gears. Then, when I got up fairly good speed, I bumped along over the course like a pea in a pot.

I did not put my foot down hard on the accelerator until I had almost reached the measured mile, because the car would not have stayed under control at a high speed with the beach as bumpy as it was.

THE shells scattered along the beach cut his tires so badly that he had to replace these after the first trial run. He continues:

On both of my runs there were times when I could see no distance whatever ahead. I just had to guess and trust to luck.

Also, I was bothered by sand being kicked into my face, and by strong fumes from the motor.

The car behaved magnificently under the terrible conditions, but I certainly had a tough time keeping it from running all over the beach.

Frankly, it was the roughest ride I ever had, and I'll multiply that fifty times. It is not an easy matter to frighten me, but honestly, if the car had not controlled so magnificently, and I did not have confidence in it, I don't know what I would have done. It answered to the controls marvelously, otherwise I should have lost complete control of it, and that would have been bad.

All in all, tho, the old car could have done much better if I had better conditions. If they were better, I am confident I would have set a much higher record. At no time during my runs did I give it a full throttle, because the machine simply would not have stayed under control at a higher speed.

THE forty-eight-year-old Campbell, driving his huge, stream-lined car equipped with a 2,350-horse-power airplane motor, set three new world records in those two dashes. In each case he broke an old mark held by himself.

For the mile his actual time was 272.108 miles an hour, as compared with his old record of 253.968. For the one kilometer he hit 272.463 miles an hour and 257.295 over a five-kilometer course. His previous record for the latter distance was 247.941.

Once he actually attained 273.556 miles an hour as he roared along the ten-and-one-half-mile course. The rules required him to make two runs, the second in the opposite direction, and his average time for the two constitutes the record. Bull's-eyes were set over the timing traps to guide him, and small flags marked the narrow runway.

What does it feel like to travel at such a rate? Strangely enough, "time does not fly; it creeps," says Campbell, telling us about his thrills in an article copyrighted by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.—

I have often been asked—am asked every year, in fact—what my feelings are during record attempts.

Well, first, there are the interminable delays while waiting for the word to go. Of course, the delays are not interminable; they only seem so. Finally, the word comes: "All clear!"

My good lads start the *Bluebird* engines. By means of comprest air I switch on the ignition and the Rolls engines roar away. We get off slowly, first in low gear, then, with the engine revolving about 2,300 to 2,800, into second, then into high.

At the end of the first mile I am going approximately 140 miles an hour. The line of flags at my left, set 100 yards apart, begin to draw together. Now they are practically a picket fence, even closer, if that be possible, for I am covering more than 375 feet a second.

The huge numbers to my left, set at each mile-post, jump before my vision. I read No. 4, which means four miles to the record mile. Before my vision focuses properly on it, it is gone.

No. 3 breaks the line of flags. I look at my tachometer, which is the same as my speedometer. The revs mount—2,600, 2,800, 3,000, 3,200. I know I am far above last year's record speed.

My foot is hard on the accelerator. I see, as a thing detached, the yellow-and-black rectangular marker above the start of the

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Here goes!... (*Her first Spud*) "On a day like this, I'd try anything. Let's have one of those minty jiggers that you always smoke. They tell me they're awfully cool."

How it happens

I wonder... (*Her sixth Spud*) "You know, I think I could care for Spuds. That menthol business is fading away. And I've *never* had such a clean taste in my mouth after smoking."

Spuds, please!... (*Her second pack*) "Yes, Spuds! Can't a girl change her brand? I've switched over to...what do they call it?...mouth-happiness! Once you're used to it, that Spud sensation makes good tobacco more fun than ever." The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

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mile. I press my foot down harder. I wait ages, it seems. I look at the rev counter. Time does not fly; it creeps.

Another age, almost. At last there is another rectangular yellow-and-black marker overhead. I find myself breathing again as tho I had not before. I have finished my record run. It has taken me seconds, just over twelve, but it seems ages, actually.

A change of tires, now, for it would be suicidal to use the same ones again, "and back I go northward." Thus the tale of speed:

Again the blur of flags, punctuated by the huge markers indicating the miles. The yellow rectangle striped with black again overhead.

I favor my left hand a bit, the hand wrapt to the elbow with elastic bandage, where I had sprained the tendons, last week.

My car takes a swerve on this return trip. It almost gets out of hand as I finish, with her radiator pointing toward the sand-dunes and going for the soft sand. But she answers the helm, and I am back on a straight line again.

Comes the long, long mile, undoubtedly the longest mile in the world. Finally it passes, I ease up and coast, putting on my brakes, slowing to a crawl of 100 miles an hour.

The record run is over. I'm relieved, but actually I am not too happy. I have sort of let my car down, or conditions have. I should have set the mark at least fifteen miles higher. Ah, well, I think it can be done some other time.

Acme

The "Bluebird" Goes Streaking by Like a Big Bullet

NEWSPAPER editors, like everybody else, are intensely interested in this demonstration of how fast a human can hurtle over the ground and live to tell about it. Some think it unimportant, but they promptly meet with an argument.

"Deeds of daring and skill under extreme peril," says the New York *World-Telegram*, "certainly have an uplifting influence upon the human race, as the flight of Charles A. Lindbergh showed with such great and lasting eloquence. We congratulate this Englishman upon his contribution to cool sportsmanship and his greater contribution to engineering science."

"This is admirable," exclaims the New York *Herald Tribune*, adding:

Especially in times when so many supposedly serious occupations—like stock speculation, high finance, politics, and saving the world—are turning to dust and ashes in the hands of their practitioners, it is a great service annually to demonstrate that a man may still give all his energy and skill to an activity which is of no conceivable use whatever.

The alluring thing about the *Bluebird* is not its shape—fascinating tho that may be; it is not its curious fin tail, or its telescopic sights, or the queer problems it raises in aerodynamics and mechanics. It is not even its appalling speed. It is its absolute, untarnished uselessness. In the whole civilized world there is exactly one known spot—the beach at Daytona—where the *Bluebird* can be driven; and in Florida, with realty values what they are, there is practically no necessity for any one to travel over the ground at 272 miles an hour. No stain of utility flecks the smooth surface of the *Bluebird* or the inspiring achievement of its intrepid driver. He does what he does, at immense personal risk and at the cost of any amount of care and effort, for no discoverable reason except that he likes to see how fast it is humanly possible to travel on wheels.

It is a likable, a truly magnificent form of insanity, and so much to be preferred to the many commoner sorts which we daily see all about us in high and low places, that one can only give a hearty cheer for Sir Malcolm, wish him all success in the world, and hope that one day he will go so fast that he will meet himself coming back.

SOME remarkable facts about the *Bluebird* are gleaned from an editorial in *The Times:*

In the white mist that hung over the sand he could see but two seconds ahead. Brakes were almost comical accessories at this fearful pace, useless at speeds of over 100 miles an hour. On trial runs his hands were blistered because of the gyroscopic effect of wheels which had momentarily left the bumpy beach. Yet an injury made it necessary for him to rely on one arm during the greater part of his record-breaking dash. Sir Malcolm can have but few peers in skill, courage, and coolness.

A remarkable mechanism is this *Bluebird* that skims over the sands—a mechanism utterly useless for ordinary locomotion and yet highly practical for the specific purpose of attaining high speed in a magnificent burst. For all her four and a half tons and 2,350 horse-power she is a tender thing. Half an hour at top speed and she would be a wreck. She can not carry enough water to cool her engines, for example. In that flash over the sands twenty-eight gallons were boiled away. Nor is it possible to carry fuel enough for a lengthy run. Greedy cylinders suck in a gallon of gasoline every quarter of a mile, or every three and a half seconds. A pressure of three tons to the inch of width makes it impossible to run the rear-axle gears for more than a minute and a half at full speed without overheating.

And then the tires! Three minutes is their running life at record-breaking speed.

It takes about four-tenths of a second for the trained brain of so skilled a driver as Sir Malcolm to tell his muscles what to do. In that time the *Bluebird* can cover 398 feet.

The *Bluebird's* steady improvement since 1924, after four rebuildings, shows that the engineering limit to speed is not yet in sight. But what of the human limit? One can not help wondering whether Sir Malcolm has not almost reached it, and whether a car faster and more powerful than the *Bluebird* can be controlled.

More Power on the Same Fuel

ONE of the best bits of automotive gossip regarding the new models "now decorating Automobile Row in every city in the United States" is offered by William Ullman in one of his Ullman Feature Service articles.

"The motoring public," he writes, will notice that two claims are made for this year's cars which hardly seem compatible—improved fuel economy and greater horse-power." We read on:

"Since power is the product of the gasoline consumed, it would seem hardly possible that greater power could be achieved without the use of more fuel.

"The claim for greater fuel economy relates to the average of car performance. Starting the engine, for instance, is less wasteful of gasoline than ever before. Automatic choke-control and automatic application of heat to the intake manifold are two factors in reducing this form of fuel loss.

"Even with respect to that range of the car's speed performance in which its full power is used, gasoline economy has been favorably affected by this year's design innovations. For one very important thing, engine performance at its peak output has been steadied."

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Less than 10¢ for a Movie "shot"

—with new $29.50 Ciné-Kodak

Roll of film—taking a couple of dozen scenes—costs only $2.25

JUST point the camera, press the button. And you catch those moments of exciting action . . . in a movie.

The cost? Ten cents *or less*.

An entirely new camera, an entirely new principle, makes one foot of film go as far as four. Each roll of film takes twenty to thirty movie scenes as long as average news-reel shots.

And the roll costs only $2.25, *finished*, ready to run.

Sharp, Clear Movies from the Start

Ciné-Kodak Eight is a full-fledged movie camera at $29.50. A precision machine. Beautifully made. Fits the pocket. And it's as easy to use as a Brownie.

You show your movies with Kodascope Eight, the new all-electric projector, only $22.50.

Your Ciné-Kodak dealer has sample movies made with the Eight. Ask to see them projected. Or write for booklet. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Ciné-Kodak EIGHT *Eastman's New-Principle Movie Camera*

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VALUE!

That's the stirring story of the

STETSON

at $5

VALUE such as the world has not seen in many a year. All the style, all the quality of fine felt and workmanship, all the beauty of finish that is characteristically Stetson—at a price only half that of a decade ago.

Give yourself the pleasure of wearing a genuine Stetson this spring. For $5 you will find a variety of fresh and engaging styles. New spring shades. Some in feather-light weights.

Other fine Stetsons have been greatly reduced from last spring and are now $7, $10 and up.

John B. Stetson Company

Philadelphia New York London Paris

The Jig-Saw Jag

AT first it was merely a mild epidemic like pee-wee golf.

Now it's a world-wide conflagration, which may reach out to the stratosphere.

It is said to have invaded Buckingham Palace, and caused His Majesty to spend hours putting jig-saw pictures together.

Men concerned with distribution, sales, and profits estimate—hold your breath—that between 2,000,000 and 2,500,000 puzzles are being sold weekly in this country, with another 100,000 or so in Canada, relates George H. Copeland in the New York *Times* Magazine.

And "new wrinkles are being added that will make the addicts more addicted, if possible."

Before we proceed with Mr. Copeland's summary of the situation, let it be recorded that the jig-saw insanity has forced itself upon the attention of a first-class poet, who has embalmed it as a fly in the amber of a poem. We quote William Rose Benét in *The New Yorker:*

JIG-SAW

Give me that little scrap of tree—
And take this bit of roof!
That's grass, I guess; and this must be
The off coach-horse's hoof!
Now just a minute; please don't mind;
This fits that jag of red;
And *this* goes thus—and so we find
The landlord *has* a head!
Just like those English supplements
To Christmas magazines,
Though I really cannot see much sense
To Merrie England scenes!
Now take those clippers wing-and-wing,
Or that lion by the sea—
They're really more the sort of thing
That have appeal for me.
No! *No!* Don't put that wiggly one
Down there. . . . Like this. . . . Look here!
I guess that funny piece was done
To represent a deer.
You've nearly finished with the wall?
Well, how about this tree?
No, I can't find my ear at all. . . .
You say I've got your knee?
You keep the horses where they were!
I've got that coachman now. . . .
Oh, look; it's her father kissing her! . . .
That horn goes on the cow. . . .

So, with a desperate intent,
They strove from plight to plight. . . .
And one who wondered what it meant
Fled gibbering through the night!

Returning from the poet's nightmare to the prose of the *Times* story, we read on:

If we also consider that many puzzles are rented out by the week, and that those which are purchased outright are lent by the buyers to friends, we realize that there are more than 2,000,000 heads affected by the craze.

Going further into the higher mathematics of the situation, we find that each one of the 2,000,000 puzzles is composed of from 100 to more than 1,000 pieces, and that each puzzle victim has two hands, and we can therefore arrive at an estimate of the number of fingers in the jig-saw pie.

The rapidity with which this fever has spread may be illustrated by the experience of one firm which distributes its product largely through news-stand sales.

Early last fall, practically the only jigs on the market were the more expensive type, actually cut from ply-wood by fine saws. The firm in question began the manufacture of a cheaper type of puzzle cut from heavy cardboard by punch presses, and in September shipped about 12,000 to a New England city.

They were eaten up, and in November the company was producing 100,000 a week; in December, 200,000; and last month, the weekly output was 500,000. The firm now announces that it is making arrangements to step up this production.

The person who thinks he can remain oblivious of this new form of mild insanity is soon disillusioned, declares Mr. Copeland, continuing:

ONE OF THE BOYS AT THE OFFICE HAD THIS SAME PUZZLE AND IT TOOK HIM SIX HOURS TO PUT IT TOGETHER. I'LL BET WE CAN DO IT IN THREE
DOESN'T THAT FUNNY LITTLE PIECE OVER THERE FIT INTO THE CHIMNEY OF THE OLD MILL?
PICTURE OF A BRIDGE PLAYER WAITING FOR THREE JIG SAW PUZZLE FIENDS TO FINISH "THE OLD MILL"
WEBSTER

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How He Stood on the Bridge at Midnight

—Webster in the New York "Herald Tribune."

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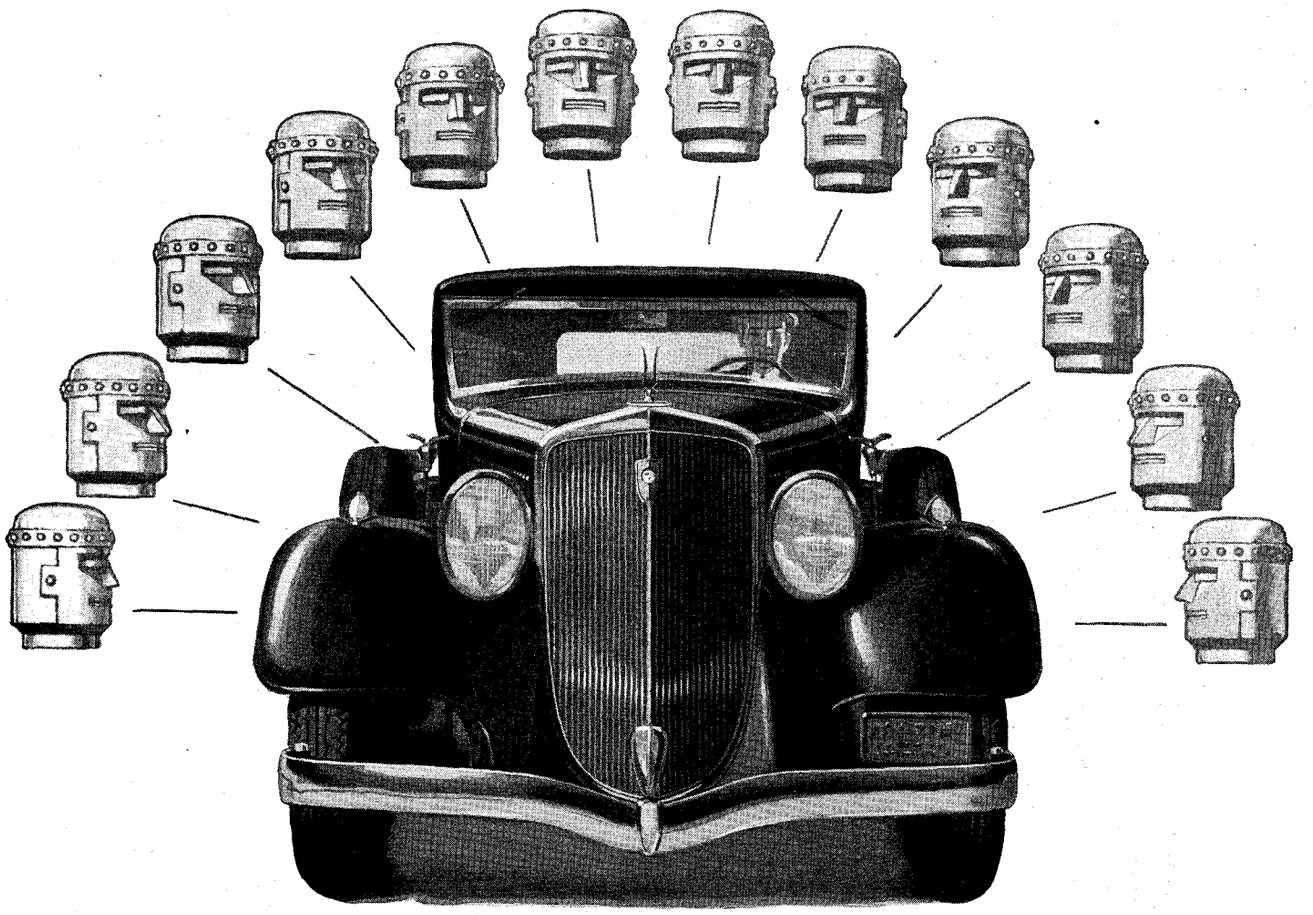
What happens when you give a motor car 12 "mechanical brains"?



Automatic Automobiles

. . . the dream of automotive engineers at last has been achieved!

YOU'RE fortunate if you've waited till now to purchase your new automobile. A development of startling significance has made its appearance.

The new Studebakers—the world's first cars that all but drive themselves—are here!

The new Studebakers are cars that operate with twelve uncanny "mechanical brains"—amazing achievements that not only *act* for you automatically but virtually "*think*" for you so that the physical work and mental strain of car driving are tremendously reduced.

Everything that should be automatic in an automobile is automatic in the new Studebakers. You'll find you have scarcely anything to do but steer. Your Power Brakes, for example, greatest engineering advance of the year, will bring you smoothly, surely, to a stop at your toe tip's touch. You will start at the simple, single turn of a switch key. You will never have to adjust a carburetor or adjust a choke.

Take out one of these automatic automobiles for a trial drive—for the most fascinating experience you've had since you started motoring.

No other cars you've seen or driven—no matter how new—offer anything comparable to the automatic simplicity of the new Studebakers. They're the pattern cars for all cars to come!

$840 AND UP, AT THE FACTORY

STUDEBAKER

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS . . . PIONEER OF FREE WHEELING

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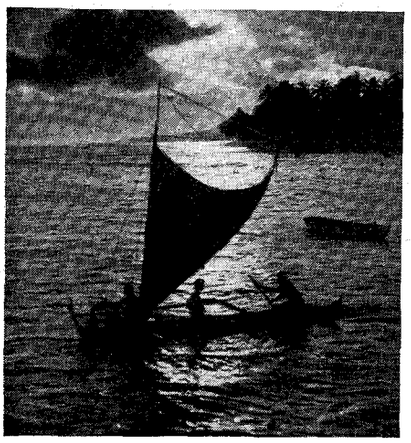

If we were in Hawaii Tonight

IF WE WERE in Hawaii tonight, looking from the balcony of our room, across the ruffling top of a kukui tree perhaps... Looking across the bay the lights of cars streak through the darkening green of Diamond Head. Surf puffs white, out by the coral reefs...

We would have dinner near the sea, in that cafe under a banyan tree. There would be papaia, and pineapple cut long. There would be our friends we met on the boat. Girls coming in radiant. Sunbronzed skin... evening dresses... necklaces of real flower leis—gardenias, perhaps. And there would be native music and the unending murmur of the tropic sea... the light stir of coco palms.

We'd learn...

That there are modern steamers and passenger airplanes to take us from Honolulu to the interesting, exciting isles of Kauai.. Maui.. and Hawaii. ¶Comfortable touring cars with driver-guides to escort us over the hundreds of miles of billboardless highways on these islands. ¶"Air—76°; Water—78°" is a typical July reading on the Waikiki Surf bulletin board. ¶Travelers came from 33 states and 11 foreign countries to attend the University of Hawaii 1932 summer session. ¶There are 91,280 pupils in Hawaii's 255 public and private schools.

$220 Roundtrip

The finest, fastest ships that sail from the Pacific Coast ports of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver will carry you to Hawaii and back for $220, First Class. Comfortable and spacious Cabin Class accommodations, $150 roundtrip. A railway or travel agent in your home town can arrange your trip.

HAWAII

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU
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1521 RUSS BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

The Hawaii Tourist Bureau will, upon request, mail you FREE, *authoritative information about the Islands. For a special booklet on Hawaii, with picture maps, send 10¢.*

His neighborhood news-stand is cluttered up with little boxes labeled "Puzzle of the Week," or "Weekly Jig," or with other names proclaiming the presence of strangers in a place hitherto devoted only to serving him with his morning literature on the run.

This may be merely annoying, but when he finds that his favorite bridge partner or movie companion is now spending his or her evenings fitting together silly little pieces of wood or cardboard, the situation assumes a serious aspect.

IT'S generally believed, we are told, that the craze started in staid New England. Calvin Coolidge is said to have been one of the devotees of the brain-racking game.

Actually, it dates pretty far back. The Czar and his courtiers liked the jig-saw, and every year, says the writer, a puzzle containing 1,500 pieces is sent by an American firm to the King of England.

What psychological quirk lies behind the craze? Here are some answers:

"I like them because they drive me crazy," is one frank, if not tactful, reply.

"I work on jigs because I can do them without thinking," is another, refuting the assumption that such puzzles are brain-fodder.

"I do them because they keep me from worrying," is a third, and one which perhaps tells the story of many who spend their spare time in this manner.

Probably the Communist, asked to explain this phenomenon of a capitalistic society, would assert that the jig-saw is a device designed to keep people from thinking how bad things are.

Psychologists say that the craze originates in one of man's fundamental desires—to finish what he sets out to do.

Why does he ever set out to do a jig? Well, perhaps he realizes there are many problems facing the world, and as he can not have much of a part in these large problems, he takes upon himself a little one, and sees it through.

He throws himself into his puzzle-solving, and enjoys the satisfaction of accomplishment.

The jig-saw appeals to the creative sense.

Here is a mass of material, in itself meaning nothing. A man starts piecing it together, and soon finds that he is building something, that something is growing under his eyes by the labor of his hands.

If he is a real fan, and has not looked at the picture of the completed puzzle, he knows not what he is making; he is venturing into uncharted seas, seeking the known from the unknown.

AND so it goes—and goes—until the 200 pieces or more are put together.

They're even having jigs at parties, making tables of the players and all that, to see who'll finish first. And it is breathed that sometimes money is put up on the result.

The authorities say, Mr. Copeland tells us, that the craze is taking us back to the simpler days when most of us were very young. In fact—

Toy-manufacturers, in explaining this fad, say that it is all part of the great "back-to-the-home" movement that has been steadily growing stronger since the "blow-it-in" days of 1928 and 1929. Adults have taken more interest in games.

Last year $7,000,000 worth of toy balloons were sold in this country, and the adult-game departments of stores reported total sales of $30,000,000.

From a strictly commercial view-point, the jigs are doubtless beneficial.

Many hands have been put to work.

Other industries have received aid.

The puzzles are given away as premiums to stimulate sales of different kinds of merchandise.

Advertisers have ordered puzzles in vast numbers, jigs which, when put together, directly or indirectly convey a selling-point for their goods.

Moving-picture stars, reports Hollywood, have cut in on the gravy, allowing their likenesses to be used on the pictures and taking about one cent a puzzle as royalties.

New fields are being discovered: a new puzzle is being prepared, the pieces of which interlock and which, completed, can be framed and hung on the wall as an oil-painting. Shades of Rembrandt!

When one tries to evaluate the psychological and physiological benefits of the jigs, one is puzzled. No doubt the individual is better off fitting them together than sitting and brooding. They are harmless enough.

Up to now they have been recommended for sick people, prisoners, and for mental cases. Doctors say they are wholesome to a certain extent, but bad medicine if overdone, and alarmists see the psychopathic wards overflowing with addicts who have gone mad looking for missing pieces or trying to keep together puzzles that will not stay fitted.

Prison wardens tell of the Pennsylvanian whose death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. "Now," he said, "I can finish my jig-saw puzzle."

WHAT of the future? Some manufacturers of the old-style jigs are gloomy, according to Mr. Copeland, complaining:

It's become a fad, as did peewee golf, and will come to a peak and then die.

Those who are forever seeking a formula to cure the depression proclaim that the jig-saw is a constructive sign.

The world is in pieces. No one knows how to fit it together.

The jig-saw will fix everything.

When enough people have put together enough puzzles, a little thing like fitting together the bits of a shattered economic system will be as easy as was taking the jig-saws away from the baby.

Almost a Brahman.—"Did any of your ancestors come over in the *Mayflower*, Mr. Smithers?"

"Er—no—but I understand one of them ran for the boat and just missed it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Whale of a Difference.—MARY—"Reggie seems to have the air of a Man About Town."

MAMIE—"Maybe so, but he's got the bank account of a Man About Down."—*Foreign Service.*

Bad Actor.—"I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same to your son?"

"Yes, Dad—but not with such a straight face."—*London Tit-Bits.*

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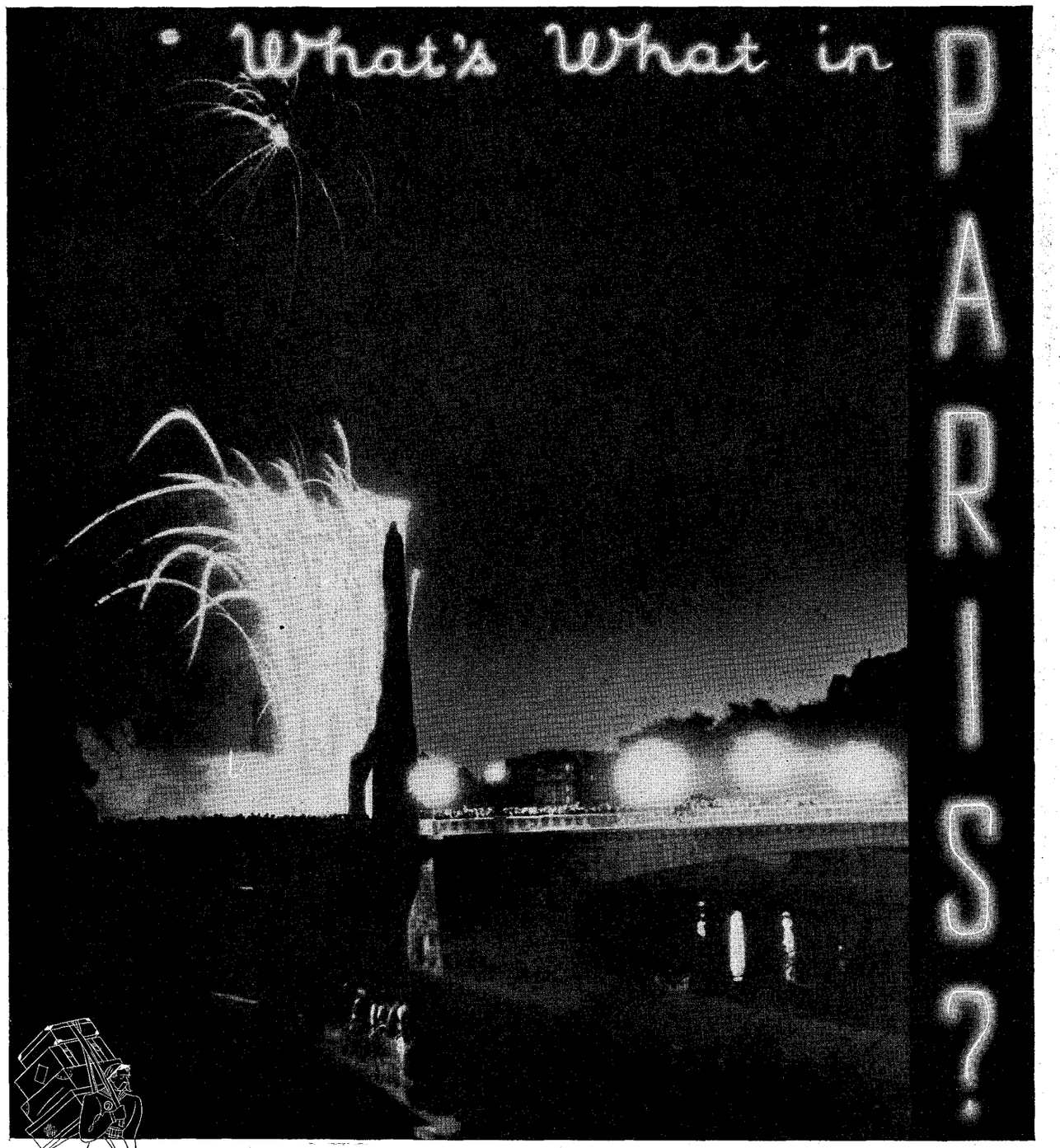
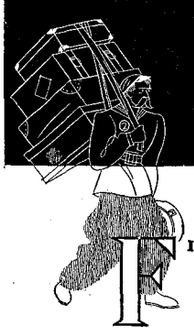


Bastille-Day fireworks, from le Ponte de la Tournelle, Paris



FIRST the top of the Eiffel Tower, and then the white domes of *Sacre Coeur* come into view from the boat-train. Whether you are seeing them for the first or the twenty-first time, they present the same question: What is new on those ever-changing, "glittering boulevards of fair fantastic Paris"?

Though you may be a seasoned "boulevardier," there is up-to-the-minute information about Paris that will be *news* to you. And, three thousand miles from the *Arc de Triomphe,* your travel agent is "Paris Headquarters," an information center for all your continental touring.

For Paris is the gateway to Europe. Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Italy and Spain lie within a day's journey. And your travel agent can arrange scores of inexpensive tours into these neighboring countries.

If it is your first trip, you have no idea how helpful his advice can be. You wish to take along your own car? He'll arrange it for you (inexpensively, too!). . . . The best itinerary? He'll list suggestions. . . . The most comfortable, reasonable hotels? He'll see to your accommodations. . . . *And your travel agent makes no charge for this expert service.*

French Line passage is handled only by authorized agents of established reputation and ability. Their franchise is your guarantee, harmonizing with the atmosphere of luxury and security found in the service on France-Afloat. The superb French cooking . . . skilled seamanship . . . modern equipment . . . the perfectly trained, English-speaking stewards . . . all are present on the French Line.

Why not make full use of the present moderate rates to Europe, and of this secure, comfortable travel service to Plymouth and Le Havre? See your local agent. French Line, 19 State St., New York City.

French Line

ILE DE FRANCE, April 8 and 29, May 27 • PARIS, March 24, April 15, May 19 • CHAMPLAIN, April 1 and 22, May 13 • LAFAYETTE, March 18, May 6 • ROCHAMBEAU, March 25, May 16

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And when you go to Europe via White Star, you get all the *service* that has made White Star famous—the service that makes "50 Timers"—those seasoned travellers who have chosen White Star fifty times or more. Notice these rates...your pocketbook won't! In Tourist Class there are hundreds of accommodations at $98.50 one way, $175 round trip. In modern, popular Third Class only $77.00 one way; $135.50 round trip. And the magnificent First Class accommodations on these huge liners begin at $179 one way. Cabin Class, $132 one way; $251 round trip. Study these rates—there's one to fit your budget! And remember that on White Star you enjoy that distinctive, perfect service that means so much for your good time aboard ship.

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Kings and a Queen of Song

"GIVE me a man who can thrill me as last night's audience did, and I'll marry him."

But, so far, no brave heart has been able to thrill this fair lady—who happens to be none less than Mary Garden.

For her part, Miss Garden has thrilled thousands, and had kings at her beck and call. One night, a king, traveling incognito for the rare pleasure of seeing her—but let that come later, in the proper place. Even kings must wait, and they have been glad to wait for this queen of song.

Rather modestly for one who has had the world at her feet, she tells in *Collier's* of some of the high lights in her career in opera.

Go back with her to her spectacular success in Charpentier's "Louise." After that came "Hélène," based on the story of Helen of Troy, and composed by Camille Saint-Saëns—who was "delicately brutal and brutally delicate," "icily impassive until he touched a piano." "Hélène" was not a success because Saint-Saëns had carried his mastery of form "to such an extent of epic appropriateness that it was crystal-pure, exquisite—cold and dead."

It was after she had already sung the rôle of Massenet's "Manon" at the Comique, in Paris, that he told her he was writing an opera for her. One never believed a word Massenet said, she writes, but this time Massenet kept his word, and it was "Cherubin."

IT was the story of a boy of seventeen, a youthful Don Juan, and the music was utterly charming. The première was given at Monte Carlo, in the exquisite small opera-house designed by the celebrated Charles Garnier.

Let us go to that jewel of a kingdom by the blue Mediterranean with her for a while:

It is one of the rules of the principality that when a new opera is played there, the composer is housed at the Prince's palace. There is a special suite at his disposal, and after the presentation a very elaborate dinner is served in his honor at the palace, which the whole company attends, along with the many other guests the Prince has chosen to ask.

Any human being whose destiny it is to be before the public has tucked apart in his mind stirring and sky-rocketing events that nothing will ever erase. These are not always the ones that brought the most fame. "Cherubin" was not world-wide in its success; but that season will always swing high because of a certain keen ecstasy of living.

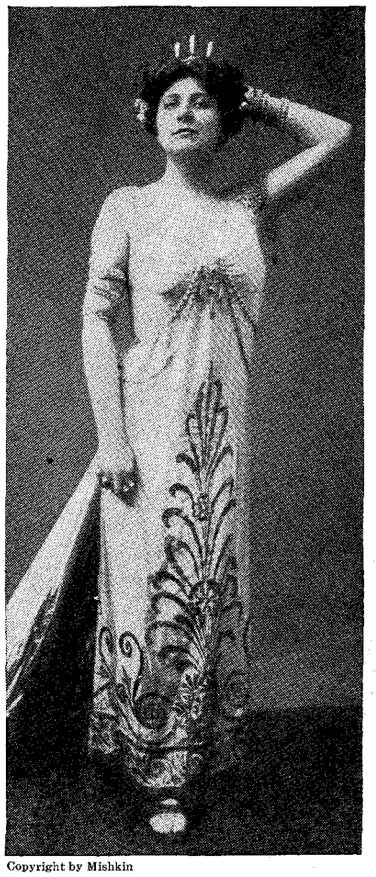
It came from the headiness and beauty of the physical senses. One feels so at Monte Carlo.

Every one touches life here so lightly and disdainfully, constantly poised for flight. The air gallops with its madness to be gay.

Never again will the world see Monte Carlo as it was in the period before the earth changed its face.

The company, some of whom were Henri Cain, the librettist, Lina Cavalieri, Margaret Carré, Maurice Renaud, and myself, left for the palace, after the presentation, to join Massenet and his wife.

Monaco is the smallest kingdom in the world, but the etiquette at this Court was as severe and heavy as was found then at the Imperial Court of Germany, having none of the lightness and intimacy of the British Court circle. Every one had to stand in the salon until the Prince entered, and then all were obliged to curtsy.



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Now It Can Be Told, Thinks Mary Garden

Prince Albert of Monaco was a great prince, and loved passionately his little kingdom. He had a face that was full of strong reminders of his ancestry, the Grimaldi. It was dour, forbidding, and grim. He was a terribly morose man.

THAT dinner was "the most uncomfortable I ever sat through," Miss Garden exclaims. "No one was permitted to speak unless the Prince addrest him, which he did but rarely." In fact:

The pauses were arid and awful. Massenet, opposite me, shook his head sadly. The Grand Duke Nicholas, who was at my right, made of his long, elegant face a death-mask, closing his eyes in agony—at which I laughed aloud.

Finally, when the ordeal was ended, Prince Albert came over to me, saying:

"Have you seen my principality at night, Mademoiselle Garden? Come, let me show you something."

I followed him out of the palace, up a small, stone staircase cut into the huge rock with splinter-like slits in its walls, up and still up, on to a tiny sentry-box placed

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on a high tower, than which there is nothing more memorable in all Europe.

"The Grimaldi fought upon these stairs in the ninth century. Yes, these same stairs; and the Phœnicians climbed over this rock two thousand years before Christ."

Pride of race, the nobility of an illustrious past, had smoothed out all his austerity.

"Look!" he cried loudly.

Shout? He had a right to shout. The ancient pile on which Monaco stands rears itself steeply straight out of the sea like a rocky ejaculation with an air of determined immortality, and four thousand years have not made a dent in it.

Below us, the whole Côte d'Azur looked as tho some mad or intoxicated jeweler had hurled basket upon basket of diamonds on miles and miles of pale blue velvet, and had dropt the largest brilliant of them all at Monte Carlo, which blazed at our feet in all its golden strength. It was one of the most dramatic and thrilling sights I have ever looked on.

PERHAPS one of the most significantly intimate personal successes of her career, writes Miss Garden, was the opera "Aphrodite," written for her by Camille Erlanger. In France when it was put into rehearsal the whole house was immediately subscribed for throughout its entire run. Here's where—but read:

On this certain night, after twenty-four curtain calls, some one knocked on my dressing-room door. My maid answered, telling me it was Prince Orloff. When he was admitted he said to me:

"Lord R——, an old friend of yours, is outside. He wishes to make to you his congratulations."

"Go away!" I said. "You know I see no one after singing. All Paris is full of old friends who wish to come back-stage to congratulate me. Go away!"

"Come, Mary. You do not remember this gentleman's name, but you will his face."

Orloff's eyes were full of a secret amusement, so I went toward the door and opened it, and stood almost petrified as I looked into the smiling countenance of King Edward VII. He told me he had crossed the Channel incognito, and ended by saying gallantly: "I did not come to hear 'Aphrodite.' I came to see Mary Garden."

I had no cause to disbelieve him, as the whole British royal family had but a tepid regard for music, and only gave opera their support because it was traditional to do so.

ONE of the few times that Miss Garden disappointed an audience was the opening of Massenet's "Thaïs" in America. Hoarseness, owing to the change in climate, beset her. It came on suddenly, so that it was impossible to announce the postponement until the audience had arrived at the theater. And, ah—

That first night in America!

Traffic was held up for hours with its tangled vehicles and street-car lines, and the furiously disappointed men and women in no amiable mood.

If singers would only realize that they don't go out before tender-hearted people! They appear before icebergs, beings with about as much mercy as jungle cats, audiences who have paid money to hear the

Sail with the New Santa Elena

to CALIFORNIA

APRIL 28
TO
NEW YORK
FROM
CALIFORNIA

Easter in the land of flowers! Sail with the brilliant new Santa Elena on her gay maiden voyage March 31 . . . and enjoy, en route, shore visits or inland excursions amid the Springtime beauty of Havana, Colombia, Panama, El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico! Other convenient sailings of new Grace sister liners April 14, April 28.

Only Grace Line offers opportunity to vary your sea voyage with visits ashore every second or third day . . . yet takes you to California in just 16 days (17 days California to New York). And *only Grace Line* provides a fleet of four magnificent new sister liners to carry you—first American ships having all outside staterooms with private baths. Controlled ventilation and temperature. Palm Court. Club and Anson Weeks Orchestra. Largest outdoor pool on any American ship.

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best, and who expect the best—who will rip you up the back if they do not receive it.

THE most notable and most disturbing achievement of Miss Garden's career was the much-discust "Salomé." It was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and was never presented there again. The ecclesiastical element supporting the institution opposed it, so Pierpont Morgan told her later. Miss Garden's own opinion is:

The story of Herod and Salomé is part of the New Testament, and a vital part of the history of the world. In my third season in America it was agreed it should be produced. Oscar Hammerstein had more regard for a great record of art than to let it be lost because of a quibble over theology.

On the opening night of the Manhattan, five thousand were in the house, and half as many in the street, and Hammerstein came back to my dressing-room smiling broadly to tell me it was found necessary to call out the police squad.

Some seasons later, "Salomé" was brought to Chicago, but after three presentations there, an injunction was brought to prohibit it.

Then occurred one of those situations that one might find in a Chaplin comedy. Police authorities were called in to give a verdict on a work of art. Viewing life from an attitude formulated amid crime and human indignities, they banned it.

I had studied the rôle with a passion and fidelity to truth that gave me no rest. I had kept *Salomé* ablaze for months and months so that the awakened mind could make something real of her.

She came forth from that mind constant and fine, an interpretation true to its Judean times, barbaric and savage only.

The frantic sexual unrest certain critics saw in it was only the result of their own dislocated thinking.

I sang it as a work of genius of a famous composer, and no one has ever accused me of singing for notoriety.

Among other adventures recounted in her *Collier's* article, Miss Garden tells us how she proposed to sing "Salomé" in Paris, how an obstacle was suggested in the person of the composer, who had some sort of a quarrel with the Paris Opera; how she hastened to Munich to appeal to Richard Strauss, how he immediately consented to her giving his opera to the Parisians, and, finally, how all this brought about her "greatest first night," inspiring the exclamation with which this story begins.

Igloo Toga.—

The latest job
To make a stir
A lounging robe
Composed of fur,
An Eskimono
As it were.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Faith in Providence.—NERVOUS PASSENGER—"Don't drive so quickly round the corners. It makes me frightened."

CHAUFFEUR—"Do what I do—shut your eyes when we come to a corner."—*Allt for Alla.*

Fewer Fatal Accidents in 1932

A PRELIMINARY survey of accidental deaths for the country made by the National Safety Council, shows a total of 88,000 fatalities for last year as compared with 97,415 for 1931.

This represents better than a 9 per cent. decrease, and is the second instance of an actual reduction since 1921.

Also a new death-rate of 70.5 fatalities per 100,000 population has been established, the lowest in our history except for 1921 and 1922. Says a press bulletin issued by the Council:

The depression, of course, accounts for some of the drop, but the death declines exceed what might have been expected from these causes, reflecting credit on the increased safety activities of the past year.

On the basis of reports from twenty-three States and the District of Columbia (total population 64,000,000) for 1932 and 1931, the fatality totals for the entire country are as shown in the following table. They do not include duplication of certain motor-vehicle deaths that are also considered industrial.

	1932	*1931*
Total	*88,000*	*97,415*
Motor-vehicle	29,500	33,740
Other public	18,000	20,000
Home	28,000	29,000
Industrial	15,000	17,500

Most of the States reported figures for at least eleven months. A drop occurred from 1931 to 1932 in every State, these decreases ranging from 3.3 per cent. in Kansas to 32.5 per cent. in North Dakota.

The estimated national decline is substantiated by a drop from 60.9 to 55.2 in the accidental death-rate among policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for the first eleven months of the year.

Cities reported 1932 decreases similar to those of States. The city death-rate was 49.4, however, compared to a rate of 66.3 for reporting States. This is probably because most of the cities in the table have active community safety councils.

Non-fatal injuries for 1932 are estimated by the Council at 8,500,000, with the wage loss, medical expense, and overhead insurance costs involved in all accidental deaths and injuries approximated at two billion dollars.

THERE was a 13 per cent. drop in motor-vehicle fatalities. The new death-rate of 23.6 is the lowest recorded since 1928, when the rate was 23.3. The decline in motor-vehicle deaths was about twice as great as the 6 per cent. drop in registrations or the 6.84 per cent. decline in gasoline consumption. Since these two factors are the best indicators of motor-vehicle travel, it seems certain that the 1932 drop in deaths is partially due to a real advance in the safe use of streets and highways. To quote further:

North Dakota had the lowest motor-vehicle death-rate, 8.8 per 100,000 population, followed closely by Mississippi with a rate of 10.1. Nevada, on the other hand, has a rate of 56.7, California 39.9, and Delaware 35.0.

Cities over 500,000 had a fatality drop averaging about 10 per cent., while smaller cities declined over 15 per cent. Milwaukee has the lowest death-rate among cities

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over 500,000. Rochester leads a second group, and Peoria the third.

Medford, Massachusetts, population 64,300, is the largest reporting city to go through the entire year without a motor-vehicle death. Indications are that pedestrians did not share as heavily in the 1932 reduction as did motor-vehicle drivers and occupants.

Railroad grade-crossing fatalities were down about 19 per cent. and injuries 18 per cent. during the first nine months of the year.

There were 18,000 deaths in public accidents where motor-vehicles were not involved, representing a 10 per cent. drop from the 1931 record of 20,000. Drownings make up about 30 per cent. of all fatalities in this group; railroad accidents (not motor-vehicles), 16 per cent.; firearms accidents, 11 per cent. In addition to the deaths more than 2,000,000 persons received non-fatal injuries in the public accident group.

WE learn that about 28,000 home-accident fatalities occurred during the past year, a reduction of about 3 per cent. Falls and burns are responsible for about 60 per cent. of all the home deaths, while asphyxiation, suffocation, and poisons accounted for another 15 per cent. As might be expected:

Nearly a third of all the home deaths from accidents occurred to children under fifteen years. The mortality was also high among elderly persons, where falls were responsible for most of the deaths. There are approximately 4,000,000 non-fatal home injuries during the past year.

There was a drop of 14 per cent. in the industrial accident deaths. While much of the decrease in industrial accidents is due to the great shrinkage in employment, however, records show that accidents have dropt even more than exposure. The number of lost-time accidents per million man-hours worked dropt more than 50 per cent. from 1926 to 1931, and days lost per thousand hours worked went down over 30 per cent. during the same period. There were about 1,500,000 non-fatal industrial accidents costing about $600,000,000 in wage loss, medical expense, and insurance overhead.

Steam railway accidents continued to decline in 1932, the totals at the end of September being 3,535 killed and 21,856 injured compared with 3,849 killed and 27,422 injured during the same period of 1931 according to Interstate Commerce Commission records. In this field, however, the fatalities did not decrease as rapidly as railway traffic.

In aviation the records for the first six months of 1932 indicate a slight reduction from the 1931 total.

She Didn't Mind a Bit.—LAWYER—"Well, since you demur at telling us how old you are, we will let it pass. I suppose you don't mind telling the court at what age you were married?"

WOMAN—"At the parsonage."—*Norfolk News.*

Bargain-Basement Deluge.—"How was the shower, dear?" asked mother as daughter came in.

"All wet," snapt the bride-elect, as she tossed the junk she had received on the floor.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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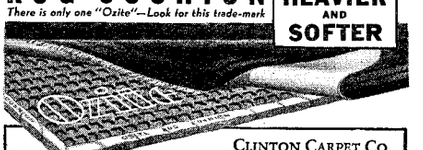

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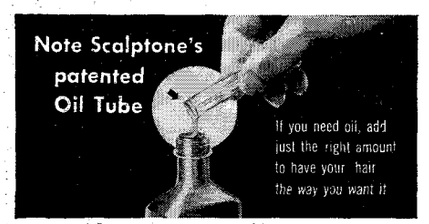

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How War Feels in "Green Hell"

RAGGED holes are being torn in the mantle of tropical jungle that stretches like a shaggy hide over the torso of South America.

El Chaco, the baffling, the eternally prolific!

War is stripping the trees and giant creepers here and there, driving the jaguars and anacondas, and doubtless some of the myriads of venomous insects and other creatures, to shelters remote from the present military operations of Bolivia and Paraguay.

"Green Hell," as a recent adventurer dubbed it, can afford to be shot up a little here and there, and when the shooting stops, its invincible foliage will soon cover up its own wounds, together with the bones of some of those who have disturbed its cathedral silence.

Meanwhile, how are the soldiers faring?

FOR answer, we quote from a Bolivian paper—*La Razon*, of La Paz—an account written by a Bolivian soldier, one Killko, of the trench warfare now going on in the Chaco:

Night has passed like the wind across the battlefield, and left in its wake a curtain of shadow over the trenches. The low trees that surround us, completely stript of foliage by two months' bombardment, resemble fantoms or the skeletons of prehistoric animals. The morning dew drips from the mutilated branches of these denuded trees which are slowly being unshrouded of night's serenity and mystery.

At dawn, the first golden flashes of tropical sun revive the panorama and, like huge dragon-tongues, lick up the shadows of the night.

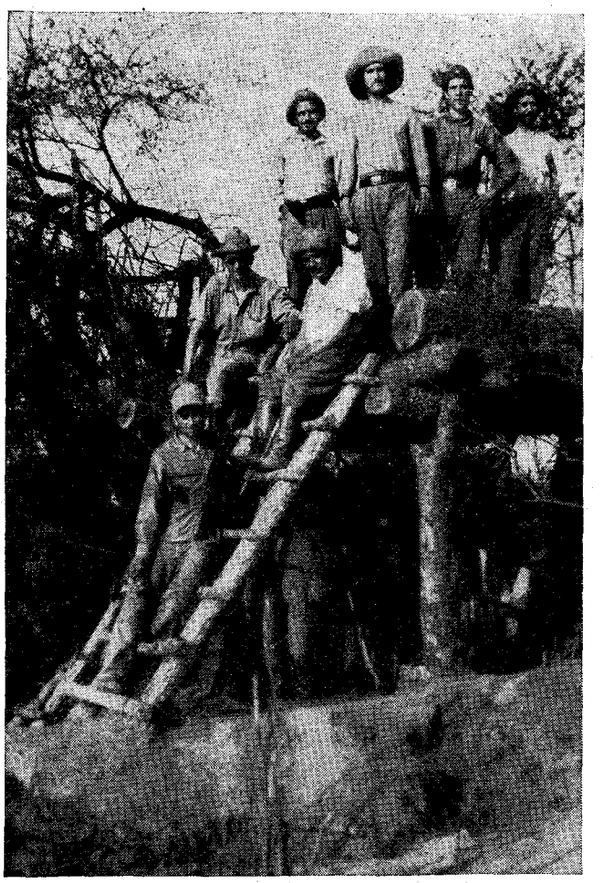
A minute of silence. Only a minute—time enough, however, to notice that the *pilas* (Paraguayan soldiers) are getting ready for an attack. But blinded by this sun, which cleared away the night mist, we are unable to see all their preparatory movements.

We flatten ourselves to the ground and dig in to find protection from this glaring, searching light which seeks to betray our position to the enemy.

When, without any sign of life, we are hidden in our ditches, we hear the explosions of the enemy's 115 howitzers. Oftentimes the firing of these guns has been the forerunner of a bayonet attack, therefore we are not surprized to see, slowly advancing toward us like a huge uncoiling serpent, the enemy troops carrying their rifles underarm, like so much ordinary timber to be used for firewood, but which in this instance are to keep aflame the fire of combat which has so long been burning in the Chaco jungles.

They advance deliberately—we watch them coming. They look anything but cheerful—they move like automatons. They do not run for fear of penetrating too far into our lines and being trapt between the fires of two flanks.

Among the advancing horde we see many young recruits who bear the stamp of robust, unblemished youth on their faces. Here and there they are scattered through the ranks of the older men, some of whom seem scarcely able to walk. Occasionally these youths rush forward in rash haste, making themselves easy targets.



South American Fighters Facing the Camera

Now the enemy troops are only forty paces from us. Ours have instinctively sprung to the ledge of the trench, cocking their rifles. The enemy has reached our first "barbed-wire" barrier, a rude defense of thorny branches and rough timbers. Our long line of trenches is filled with our men who, drawn up tensely at the edge of the ditch, are only awaiting a signal to fire.

ALL is quiet up to this moment, says Killko. "Nothing has happened as yet. The enemy, who has spread ranks along the front, can not see us. They probably think we have abandoned our positions and have fled into the jungle, whither their gaze is directed." Reading on:

Our comrades keep crowding on to the ledges, and we see our machine-gunners taking their positions. The 75's, which are in the forest, will keep silent now and let our rifles do the talking.

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Then these pores clog. Phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when you increase the flow of your throat's *natural moisture*, loosening the phlegm so it can be expelled. Avoid cough "remedies" containing drugs which merely "deaden" the nerves . . . but don't get at the real root of the trouble!

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If your throat's the least bit raw or dry, take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN now. It's absolutely safe, even for children. You can get it at all drug stores.

Still we do not fire! Are we waiting for them to step on us? Some lads mutter impatiently, but the non-commissioned officers restrain them.

While here on our side everybody is casting expectant glances at the non-coms, trench 2B, which is on the left wing, has opened a quick fire. An explosion bursts from the ground ahead with clouds of dust. Only a few minutes ago the sun had cleared away all mist, but now a dense cloud of gunpowder smoke covers the field. In broad daylight, are we doomed to live in the dark?

"Oh, this smoke, Lieutenant!" shouts a young and raw recruit, impatiently nervous. He can not understand the coolness of the non-coms. This is not uncommon—many have even been known to lose their reason under fire.

The Lieutenant is threatening to tie him up in the trench, when suddenly the whistle of our commandant is heard. The enemy is taken by surprize just as our leaders had planned. We trap the pilas on both the left wing and in front. They have not yet come up to the barbed-wire defenses we had stretched the night before and reinforced in the early morning.

Little by little they retreat; sometimes, not knowing which way to turn, they die like rats in a trap.

The sharp "crack-crack" of the carbines and the "rat-tat-tat" of the machine-guns is deafening.

In twenty minutes the firing ceases—so swiftly these attacks come to an end.

Each sunrise is the signal for new sallies—the pilas generally attack by day, very early in the morning. Soon they are tired, and by noon they are exhausted. They all seem yearning for the *siesta* and seek shelter in deep crevices from the sun and fire. Here they put up a show of fighting, but in reality they are only shooting in the air.

Spoofing Piccard and Einstein

The logic and whimsical personality of Prof. Auguste Piccard emerges more and more into view as stories about him multiply in the news columns, relates the Detroit *Free Press*. A former pupil of Prof. Albert Einstein, his passion is measurement. He carries a pocket rule with him wherever he goes, a wonderful rule of his own invention which not only gives inches and centimeters, but algebraic formulas, chemical equivalents, logarithms, and physical correlations. It also serves as an adding machine.

The Professor's tall figure, his wit and originality are constant subjects of affectionate caricature at the University, of Brussels, where he teaches. A recent student vaudeville skit portrayed Piccard meeting Einstein, who was tremendously excited and said: "Ah, Auguste, old dear, the world is coming to an end in five minutes; I have made a calculation that shows beyond a doubt the earth will cease immediately to exist."

"I've just time to take a few final measurements," replied Piccard, taking out his rule.

The audience roared at the jest, but Professor Piccard saw nothing funny. "What are they laughing at? What is the joke?" he asked a friend. Taking a few final measurements, he agreed, was just the thing he would do under the circumstances. And in truth it was similar practical curiosity in the face of the unknown that led him, instead of speculating about the nature of energy in the heavens, to build a balloon and ascend to the stratosphere to measure the cosmic rays for himself.

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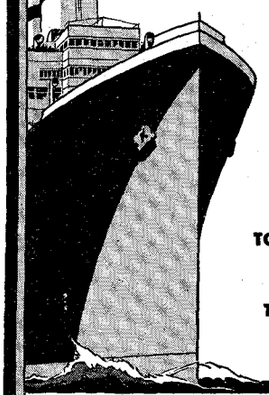

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

The Workers' Eighth of U. S. Steel

HERE is a real demonstration of faith. In these uncertain times, insists Charles F. Speare in a New York dispatch for the Consolidated Press, the continuance of the United States Steel Corporation's employees' stock subscription plan indicates faith, "either in the basic soundness of a policy that has been criticized, or in the future of the industry." Indeed, adds Mr. Speare—

When a corporation sells its shares to men whose only income is the reward of labor, it assumes a serious responsibility. It pledges its faith that in the long run the workers will not suffer.

If this offering is fully subscribed for by the employees of United States Steel, it will give them a total of around 1,200,000, shares or more than one-eighth of the present outstanding issue of 8,703,252 shares, so the New York *Times* understands. Last year the stock was offered at $40 a share. The 1933 offering is at the lowest price the stock has ever been sold to employees—$27. This was a trifle above the market price at the time of the offer. The highest price ever charged to employees was $169 in 1930.

The idea goes back some thirty years to the days when George W. Perkins was Chairman of United States Steel and Elbert H. Gary, President. Their idea, as Mr. Speare notes in his dispatch, was to make it worth while for workers to stay with the Corporation, and to give them safe and profitable investment for their savings. At first the employees were rather shy of this scheme, but later they took to it, and at the peak of the 1929 bull market were said to have had paper profits of about $100,000,000. As Mr. Speare remarks:

The Steel Corporation's plan, of course, has been in force long enough for those who have stayed with it to have a fairly good average price.

The weakness of most employee-ownership plans was that they were originated during a time of wild inflation. The workers bought stock at peak prices. While prices continued to climb they were satisfied. After the crash, an entirely different view was taken of the plan. Employees grumbled that they had been forced to purchase the stock to hold their jobs. The fact that they were partners in the business did not prevent the corporation from firing them in bad times.

There was, and is still, considerable discontent because of the system. Many workers are still paying from their weekly envelops instalments on shares that could be bought in the open market at prices far below their subscription price.

At the height of the late bull market, 296,420 employees with American Telephone and Telegraph, United States Steel, Pennsylvania and New York Central railroads, had combined paper profits of around $242,000,000, an average of about $820 each. These are only paper profits and, indeed, "many of the subscribers were prevented from selling their stock by signed agreements."

THE employees' stock ownership plan, which became wide-spread in the inflation days, "has undoubtedly been a headache to directors of numerous corporations," concludes Mr. Speare—

Many of them wish they had never heard of it, and are ready to admit mistakes in its operation. Some corporations, notably Standard Oil of New Jersey, have tried in various ways to undo the harm done, by financing distrest employee stockholders, scaling down prices to meet market conditions, or by actual cancelation. If corporations drop the plan, they may be open to the criticism that they sold their stock to workers at the top of the market and are refusing to repeat the operation when the shares are on the bargain counter. For instance, if United States Steel stock was offered to employees at $169 in 1930, it certainly is worth while to give them a chance of averaging by offering the stock to them now at $27 a share.

The Tenth Bear Drive

THIS bear market which started in 1929 has already had ten distinct liquidating movements, as compared with from five to seven in other depressions.

So reflects a market commentator in the New York *Times*. The decline which culminated in February began with the ending of the summer rally which reached its peak on September 8. But it did not become a real bear drive of major proportions until February, when the slump was accentuated by "a wave of dividend reductions, the first of which was made by the United States Steel Corporation on its preferred stock, January 31, and to banking difficulties in Michigan and Maryland."

As measured by the New York *Times* index of twenty-five rail and twenty-five industrial and utility stocks, the decline from September 8 to February 25 totaled 35 per cent. This is about the average extent of the slumps during the present depression.

But the point is made that stocks are well above the prices of July 8, which, up to this writing, still represent the lowest level of the depression. The Index touched 47.02 on February 25, as against 33.98 on July 8.

Of course, not all stocks have acted alike and the railroad group is still 77 per cent. above its lowest price of July 8, while the twenty-five industrials and utilities are only 31 per cent. above the level of last July.

A table is printed showing the extent of declines in the *Times* index in the ten bear moves of this depression. In the case of the last decline, the figures are only carried to

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the closing of the market on February 25. This is the table:

Decline Began	Price	Decline Ended	Price	P.C. Decline
Sept. 19, '29	$311.90	Nov. 13	$164.43	47.3
April 11, '30	245.60	June 25	179.12	27.1
Sept. 10, '30	207.82	Dec. 17	135.43	34.8
Feb. 24, '31	173.07	June 2	112.25	35.1
June 27, '31	144.78	Oct. 5	79.07	45.4
Nov. 9, '31	104.95	Dec. 17	67.61	35.6
Dec. 19, '31	77.60	Jan. 5, '32	65.36	15.7
Jan. 14, '32	80.88	Feb. 10	64.70	19.9
Feb. 19, '32	80.56	July 8	33.98	57.8
Sept. 8, '32	72.38	Feb. 25, '33	47.02	35.0

It might be interesting to compare with this a similar table descriptive of the nine rallies that have broken the downward course of the bear market:

Rally Began	Price	Rally Ended	Price	P. C. Advance
Nov. 13, '29	$164.43	April 10, '30	$245.60	49.3
June 25, '30	179.12	Sept. 10, '30	207.82	16.0
Dec. 17, '30	135.43	Feb. 24, '31	173.07	27.8
June 2, '31	112.25	June 27, '31	144.78	28.9
Oct. 5, '31	79.07	Nov. 9, '31	104.95	32.7
Dec. 17, '31	67.61	Dec. 9, '31	77.60	14.7
Jan. 5, '32	65.36	Jan. 14, '32	80.88	23.7
Feb. 10, '32	64.70	Feb. 19, '32	80.56	24.5
July 8, '32	33.98	Sept. 8, '32	72.38	113.0

Nearly all the rallies since 1929, we read on, have followed news developments at Washington. And so brokers are watching the new President and Congress for the signal for the next big upswing.

Three Roads for the Farmer

THE farmer is the veteran in this depression, in which other business men are raw recruits. For the farmer has been in serious trouble since about 1919. Fourteen years ago, as the editor of *The Business Week* (New York) notes, "the chart-line of crop prices dived through the rising crests of taxes, mortgages and land values, to remain submerged to this day."

The roots of the farm problem, we are reminded, go much deeper than the present depression—

The farmer can not forever pay toll to the people of the cities through a tariff which makes everything he buys more costly than the things he sells. Nor can he go on forever with his futile fight against vast world tides which have, permanently we believe, swept away his old job.

One instance: he can not go on raising wheat for export unless he is willing to sell it cheaply. The Argentine and Australia can get it to market cheaper than he. And cheap wheat is all the market can buy. Post-war demobilization of American agriculture is yet to be accomplished.

There are millions more farmers than are needed. What to do with them?

LOOKING ahead, the editor sees three diverging roads over one of which the American farmer must travel. First, he says, there "is a blind way that disappears over the hills of hope"—

We may hope that with a return of prosperity, industry will expand so enormously that the migration from farm to factory will set in anew. Poorer farms will be abandoned, their occupants find work in the factories. Thus crop production will decrease. But this must be on a scale that will absorb from a fourth to a third of the population now on the farms. Presupposed also, the adjustment of industry to modern economic life wherein it is recognized that the workers' wage sets the ultimate limit of possible sales. Given adequate purchasing

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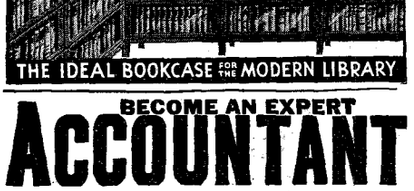

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power, the ability of consumers to use goods has no easily imaginable limit. But food consumption is inelastic.

Then there is the second road. It leads down-hill—

If industry does not revive on such a scale, our farmers, competing with peasants, and selling to peasants, must become peasantry. The general advance in the use of agricultural machinery will be checked. Farms will be broken up into smaller units. The absentee landlord, who already holds half the farms, or nearly, will predominate: a tenant class will till the soil.

And nobody knows whither the third road leads—

It is the road of permanent subsidy. That is, we may tax the city dweller to maintain a decent standard of living on the farm. There can be no economic defense or subsidizing uneconomic production. But the farm problem is not entirely economic. It is social and political; there we may find strong justification. It might well seem important to us to preserve in our country the one large class of property owners, the greatest body of entrepreneurs, the one stable and rooted element. It might seem worth a high cost—and it might be cheaper than to add them to the bread lines of the cities. It is hard to visualize an America of the future should the stream dry up that steadily feeds us leaders in every walk of life.

These are the roads that stretch ahead, far beyond the dark gulch in which we stumble to-day. One of them we must follow.

Four Musts for Depression Buckers

A FIGHTING heart, a world of common sense, and more social conscience, are three absolute requisites in fighting this depression.

This statement is made by the Commercial Credit Company of Baltimore in one of its *Automotive Observations*. These letters are intended for automobile dealers primarily. But the counsel here offered really has universal application. And so we go on to quote an elaboration of the opening statement under four heads. The automobile dealer in particular and the business man in general is told that these are the things he must do:

In the first place he has got to steel his soul against the talk of the alarmists, and dare them in his heart to make their prophecies come true. He has got to snap out of his self-pity and tell the world he's not resigned to fate. He has got to go sales-minded all over, and determine to make every function of his business a sales factor.

In the second he has got to realize that policies which tend to demoralize his industry can not possibly be helpful to himself. He must recognize the fact that sales forced at the expense of profits are both a social and an economic crime. They induce overproduction of the normal market and foster the evils attendant on overproduction. They impair, to some degree, the profits of every unit in the industry. John Doe, who sells the Attaboy in Skinner's Switch, can't overallow $200 on a Whoozis "8" without reflexes that curtail the earnings of Richard Roe, the Scootem dealer in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Chicago. Thanks to close communication, local trade practises tend more and more to a national influence, and the merchant who muddies the waters of his industry in any remote corner of the land helps to undermine its profits in all corners. A weakened industry inevitably curtails its pay-roll, and this unsocial act of his throws people out of work. These people cease to buy on a reasonable scale, and start a vicious circle involving further unemployment and deficient buying power, which hurts a lot of other folk, and eventually comes home to roost by limiting that merchant's own market still further and hitting his industry again below the belt.

In the third place he must wake up to the fact that a business institution is nothing but a charter and a bunch of stock certificates till human beings start to operate it and that from then on its prosperity depends just 100 per cent. on how those human beings do their job. If they have been well-chosen and well-trained, they'll make it a success. If not, no power on earth can save it from disaster. The most important move, therefore, toward fighting out of the depression and proving that technocracy's at fault, is to overhaul one's personnel policy, and make completely sure it fits the times. Is your present force competent, loyal, resourceful, hard-working, and right on its toes all the time? Are you giving its members the training they need? Is your treatment inspiring their loyalty and stimulating real enthusiasm as distinguished from a lot of shallow pep that fades out when the boss's back is turned? Are you placing your big bets on character and figuring that, all other things being equal, the chap who's clean and fine inside will do the better job?

And here is the fourth and final compulsion that awaits the automobile dealer—and any one else—"who is joining up for the war upon the gloomocrats":

He must realize that what we all have too often called good business in the past is not good business—ruthlessness, mere shrewdness, "getting away with it," and all the rotten formula that helped to put us in our present plight. It's not good business, and we utterly misname it when we call it practical. The only practical things are things that work. The really common-sense things of life are the things that promote human welfare and thereby make for general and long-sustained prosperity. When business recognizes that and accepts as economic law the fundamental truth that its long-swing profits come from the service it renders to people and not from any clever tricks by which it takes advantage of them, we may snap our fingers at all Gloomy Gusses of whatever name or cult. For with that foundation nothing can prevent a sound and permanent recovery.

Page Dr. Vizetelly.—The other day we mentioned here the word "coworker" as a word unpleasant to our eye, its unhyphenated condition suggesting its having something to do with a cow. This got printed "co-worker." Office rules, no doubt, but Webster uses no hypen in spelling the word. "Co-worker" is all right with us, and that is how the Standard, Century and Murray spell it. Has Webster in leaving the "cow" thus prominent committed a bull?—*Boston Transcript.*

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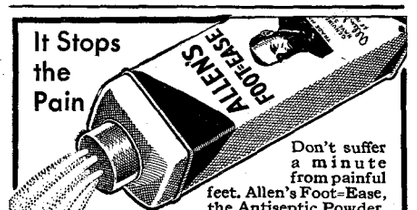

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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all right.—"L. H. C.," Lancaster, Va.—Prior to the 13th century, the word *all* was invariably spelled *al*. This spelling lingered, being gradually replaced by *all*, for another two hundred years or so. In northern England the spelling persisted until about the 17th century.

But before the year 1200 all of the compounds, of whatever nature, that were formed with the word used the spelling *al—albeit, almighty, already, also, alright*, and so on. Of all the numerous compounds, no more than seven retained their ancient form. These seven are *albeit, almighty, almost, alone, already, although*, and *always*.

The spelling *alright*—entirely analogous to *already*—did not appear in authoritative literature after the year 1230. Thereafter the phrase appeared either (rarely) as *al right*, or as we have it to-day, *all right*. There is no discoverable reason for the retention of the seven forms and the discarding of *alright*, but we have merely the record that for seven hundred years the latter form has been regarded as incorrect.

cattle.—"W. K. W.," Curwensville, Pa.—Tho the singular and plural of *cattle* are identical, the word is now rarely used in the singular. As a collective noun, where the word conveys the idea of live stock generally, the singular construction is necessary. Such was probably the intent of the writer in the sentence, "There was a forum where *cattle* (live stock) was sold."

center; centre.—"J. C. L.," New York City.—The American standard of spelling, from the days of Noah Webster to the present time, for words ending in *-re* has been *-er*. English influence has at different times caused a certain deviation from that standard, and so we have had *theater* spelled *theater* or *theatre* by different proprietors in the same city.

The dictionary spells the word *center*, because that spelling prevailed from the 16th to the 18th century. It was used by Shakespeare, Milton, Boyle, Pope, Addison, Goldsmith, Burns, and other writers and was recorded by the lexicographers Cotgrave, Cockeram, Minsheu, Phillips, Kersey, and thirty editions of Bailey's Dictionary, published from 1721 to 1802, all of whom noted *center* as the correct spelling in their time.

It is due to these facts that the form *center* is the prevalent spelling in the United States, and is noted as such by Murray. The spelling *centre* is a form that we owe to Norman-French influence upon English which was fostered by the churchmen down to the 16th century when the change to *center*, to which attention has been directed above (16th to the 18th century) took place.

As a matter of record, however, it may be stated that while Shakespeare uniformly spelled the word *center*, Milton spelled it *center* in "Paradise Lost," I, 74, but *centre*, in "Paradise Regained," IV, 534, at an interval of ten years.

considerable.—"M. R. W.," Bozeman, Mont.—The use of *considerable* as a noun is termed by the dictionaries as a colloquial usage. The sentence, "It will cost *considerable*" is correct, if it is understood that the use is colloquial. "It will cost *considerably*" can not be defended. A purist would say, "The cost will be *considerable*," thus using the word properly as an adjective.

intellect; intelligence.—"D. M. S.," Spokane, Wash.—The difference between these two words is explained by The New International Encyclopedia as follows: "The intellectual man possesses special ability in dealing with the abstract and theoretical, while the intelligent man is efficient in concrete situations and practical affairs. So we speak of animal intelligence, in the sense of an ability to profit from sensory experience, and we refuse to speak of animal intellect, as seeming to imply a power to deal with abstract ideas."

mote.—"M. C. H.," Welch, W. Va.—The dictionary definition of this word is: "1. (Archaic). May; might. 2. (Obsolete). Must."

The word is used in both senses—that is, of permission and of obligation—in the earliest records where it is found, in the epic of Beowulf, written in the 10th century or earlier. However, etymologists have deduced that of the two forms the one implying permission is the older, tracing it to Gothic origin. The transition to the form denoting necessity, obligation, is not traceable.

Except in ritual usage the word did not survive in either sense after the 16th century, the forms *may* or *might*, and *must* having superseded it. In the ritualistic phrase "so mote it be," the present interpretation is that it is equivalent to "amen." It is possible, however, tho it can merely be conjectured, that the origin of the phrase connoted a stronger assent than "so let it be"; that is, that it meant "so shall it be; be it enacted," or the like.

In the 16th century, early part, the word was sometimes spelled *mought*, probably with the same sound, and was confused in meaning with the past tense of the verb *may*. This dialectal spelling still survives.

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Ouch!—And then there's the shoemaker's daughter who gave the boys her awl.—*Belle-Hop.*

Whereas It's the Girl Who Butters the Toast.—And then there was the Alpha Phi who was so dumb she thought a buttress was a female goat.—*Ski-U-Mah.*

Catching Up With Nature.—TEACHER—"Why did Joshua command the sun to stand still?"

TOMMY—"I guess it didn't agree with his watch."—*Boston Transcript.*"

Out for the Long Shots.—"Where's the cashier?"

"Gone to the races."

"Gone to the races in business hours?"

"Yes, sir, it's his last chance of making the books balance."—*Nebelspalter.*

Why Dad Feels Safe.—FATHER—"Fancy a big boy like you being afraid to sleep in the dark."

FIVE-YEAR-OLD—"It's all very well for you, you've got mother to look after you."—*Boston Transcript.*

No Shrinking Violet.—MRS. BROWN—I saw a young man trying to kiss your daughter in the park last night."

MRS. GREEN—"Did he succeed?"

MRS. B.—"No."

MRS. G.—"That wasn't my daughter."—*Karikaturen.*

Want a Lot for Their Money.—FORTUNE TELLER—"You are about to be discovered by a big movie producer and will soon be a star."

FLAPPER—"But that's the same thing you told my friend Rosa."

FORTUNE TELLER—"I can't help it. You girls won't be satisfied with anything less nowadays."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mystery Solved.—They were scarcely seated before one of them nudged his shipmate, and asked:

"What does that word 'asbestos' mean across the curtain?"

"Pipe down," said his companion, "and don't show your ignorance. That's Latin for 'welcome.'"—*Zion's Herald.*

Have a Heart, Minny!—

I Pen these lines to Minny Hanff,
For whom I've searched from Maine to Banff,
But all my letters have miscarried.
Perhaps, Miss Hanff, you've since been married.
If from the Dumps you'd rescue him,
Please drop a line to Sunny Jim.

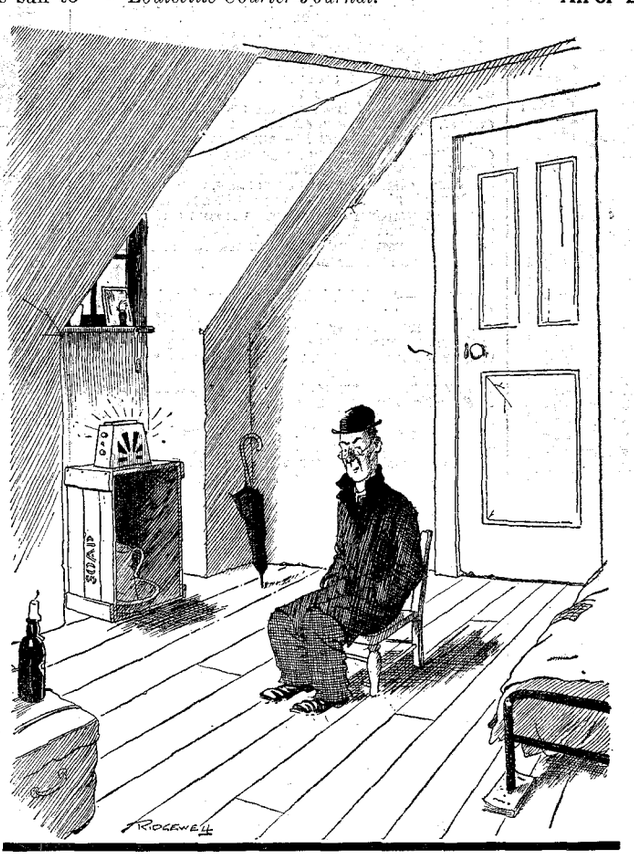
—*Ad in the New York Times.*

Those Master Minds.—LITTLE SOPHIE—"Father, what is executive ability?"

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD—"The faculty of earning your bread by the work of other people."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Those Crumpled Lids.—FAIR KITCHENETTIE—"Have you noticed her hat? Looks as if it had been stept on."

BRIGHT HUMIDORCAS—"Well, she had it in the ring, but now she's out of politics."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



"Well, personally, I consider these talks on economy are being overdone." —"The Humorist" (London).

From Chills to Grills.—The class had been instructed to write an essay on winter. One child's attempt read as follows:

"In winter it is very cold. Many old people die in winter, and many birds also go to a warmer climate."—*Tit-Bits.*

How the Feud Started.—"Madam," shouted the angry neighbor, "your little Reginald has just thrown a brick through our window!"

"And would you bring me the brick?" beamed Reginald's mother. "We are keeping all the little mementoes of his pranks."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Should Grandmas Be Told?—An elderly woman was escorting two little girls around the Zoo. While they were looking at the stork, she told them the legend of the ungainly bird—how it was instrumental in bringing them to their mamas.

The children looked at each other with sly glances, and presently one whispered to the other.

"Don't you think we ought to tell the dear old thing the truth?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Liberal Discrimination.—Permanently to gentlemen or legislators, two lovely connecting up-stairs rooms.—*Alabama paper.*

Morning After the Party.—A breakfast tray set, cool and white and appetizing . . . with a tiny full-blown red nose for a knob on each cover.—*Palm Beach News.*

All of 'Em Wet.—It is an evidence of Mr. Moore's many-fauceted genius that he should be judged in so many different ways.—*Portland Morning Oregonian.*

She Would Be.—Greta Garbo was a danger in Sweden before she went to Hollywood.—*Worcester (Mass.) Evening Gazette.*

Second-Hand Flattery.—TOMBSTONE SLIGHTLY USED. Sell cheap. Weil's Curiosity Shop.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Usual Triangle.—The Wee Playhouse has commenced rehearsing "Ladies of the Jury," a three cat play.—*Alfred (New York) paper.*

Service Plus.—We are most grateful to the Rev. M. G. Tennyson who supplied the vacancy caused by Mr. Sturges's appendix for three Sundays.—*Oregon Trail Churchman.*

Umbrellas Up!—Every bank and financial institution in Michigan was closed yesterday under a weeping, eight-day suspension order.—*Portland (Ore.) Daily Journal of Commerce.*

Save Your Broken Windows.—
EXPERIMENTS DETERMINE
Digestibility of Glass
—*Plattsburg (N. Y.) Republican.*

Rough Road Came Later.—Senator Smooth (Rep., Utah) blocked agreement in the Senate to-day for consideration of an Eighteenth Amendment repeal resolution.—*El Paso Herald Post.*

Just Another Noise.—Dr. Kester suggested the following possibilities for balancing the budget:
arebSBOLAUM fbz fbz fbz fbz fbz.—*Winston-Salem (N. C.) Twin City Sentinel.*

Putting Teeth in Jig-saws.—Jig-saw puzzles are "just the thing" to help inmates at Herkimer County Jail pass away the time and keep up their molars, Sheriff Leo Lawrence believes.—*New York American.*

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